

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME IV.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 3, 1833.

NUMBER 30.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

At 205 Broadway,

PRESCOTT, SWINBORNE & CO.

Terms.—Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Four Dollars when sent out of the United States. No subscriptions received for less than six months, nor discontinued except at half yearly periods and on payment of dues. Money may be remitted at the risk of the Publishers, if mailed in the presence of the Postmaster, and the description of bills, date of forwarding, &c. entered on his memorandum book.

Letters, unless post paid or enclosing a remittance from which the postage may be paid, will not be taken from the Post Office.

MISCELLANY.

ST. VALERIE.

Raised on the rocky barriers of the sea,
Stands thy dark convent, fair St. Valerie!
Lone, like an eagle's nest, the pine-trees tall
Throw their long shadows on the dusky wall,
Where never sound is heard, save the wild sweep
Of mountain waters rushing to the deep,
The tempest's midnight song, the battle cry
Of warring winds, like armies met on high,
And in a silent hour the convent chime,
And sometimes, at the quiet evening time,
A vesper song—those tones, so pure, so sweet,
When airs of earth and words of heaven do meet!
Sad is the legend of that young saint's doom!
When the spring rose was in its May of bloom,
The storm was darkening; at that sweet hour
When hands beloved had read her nuptial bower,
The pestilence came o'er the land, and he
With whom her heart was, died that very morn—
Her bridal morn!—Alas! that there should be
Such evils ever for affections born!
She shrank away from earth to solitude,
As the sole refuge for the heart's worst pain.
Life had no ties—she turned her unto heaven,
And on the steep rock rear'd her holy fane.
It has an air of sadness, as just meet
For the so broken heart's last lone retreat!
A portrait here has still preserved each charm:
I saw it one bright evening when the warm
Last glow of sunset shed its crimson ray
O'er the lovely image.—She was fair
As those most radiant spirits of the air
Whose life is amid flowers: like the day,
The golden summer day, her glossy hair
Fell o'er a brow of Indian ivory;
Her cheek was pale, and in her large dark eye
There was a thought of sorrow, and her brow
Upon one small white hand leant pensively,
As if to hide her tears—the other prest
A silver crucifix upon her breast.
I never saw sadness so touching as in thee,
And thy lorn look, oh! fair St. Valerie.

L. E. L.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

SPANISH MENDICANT.—As we were making our
repat and diverting ourselves with the simple drolle-
ry of our squire, a solitary beggar approached us, who
had almost the look of a pilgrim. He was evidently
very old, with a gray beard, and supported himself
on a staff, yet age had not borne him down; he was
tall and erect, and had the wreck of a fine form. He
wore a round Andalusian hat, a sheepskin jacket,
and leathern breeches, gaiters and sandals. His
dress, though old and patched, was decent, his de-
meanour manly, and he addressed us with that grave
courtesy that is to be remarked in the lowest Span-
iard. We were in a favourable mood for such a visi-
tor, and in a freak of capricious charity gave him some
silver, a loaf of fine wheaten bread, and a goblet of
our choice wine of Malaga. He received them thank-
fully, but without any grovelling tribute of gratitude.
Tasting the wine, he held it up to the light, with a
slight beam of surprise in his eye; then quaffing it off
at a draught; "It is many years," said he, "since I
have tasted such wine; it is a cordial to an old man's
heart." Then looking at the beautiful wheaten loaf:
"Bendita sea tal pan!" (blessed be such bread.) So
saying, he put it in his wallet. We urged him to eat
it on the spot. "No, Señors," replied he, "the wine
I had to drink, or leave; but the bread I must take
home to share with my family."—*Tales of the Alham-
bra.*

INEXHAUSTIBILITY OF LITERATURE.—Books are the
cause of books. Were there no books in the world,

it might be difficult to write one; but because there
are so many, there may be so many more. The faci-
lity of production increases with production; the rays
of intellectual light are, by the prismatic operation of
books, broken into an infinity of lines and colours.
Men may as soon cease to talk as cease to read and
write books. All our daily and hourly talk may be
made matter of literature, aye, and of interesting litera-
ture too. The more books that are printed, the
more food is given to the mind; and the more nourish-
ment the mind receives, the more vigorous its powers;
and the greater its strength, the more valuable its
thoughts, and the more excited its powers and capaci-
ties. There is no one topic in the whole range of
literary interest that can be conceived capable of ex-
haustion; and in matters of imagination there is no
intellectual foresight, however sagacious, that is ca-
pable of conjecturing what may be done.—*London Atlas.*

ROYAL MOSQUE OF ISPAHAN.—Nothing can sur-
pass the rich yet solemn state of the interior of this
royal mosque. Pavements and substructures, of the
fine diaphanous marble of Tabreez, cabled moldings
of arches, finely carved pilasters, and other portions
of the same material, give an appearance of simple
and solid beauty to the foundations of the edifice;
while the lofty domes and spacious aisles have a
grandeur not to be surpassed; and the rich decora-
tions of the walls and roofs of every part, present one
blaze of laboured magnificence, which would be too
splendid, but for the architectural majesty of the edi-
fice it adorns.

Some of the mosques at Cairo are exceedingly
fine, and preserve perhaps some of the best specimens
of the Saracenic architecture that exist. The mosque
of Omar, which stands on the site of the old Jewish
temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, has a noble aspect
from without. That at Damascus, which was for-
merly a Christian cathedral, is beautiful, from its long
avenues of Corinthian columns of marble. The court
of the great mosque at Aleppo is perhaps nowhere
surpassed; and some of those at Diarbekr and Bag-
dad have parts worthy of admiration. But, taken al-
together, I have never yet seen, nor ever expect to see,
any Mahomedan temple so truly magnificent in all
its parts, as this Royal Mosque of Ispahan.—*Buck-
ingham's Travels.*

THE ISRAELITES IN EGYPT.

FAIR wast thou, Egypt, O, surpassing fair!
Thy beauteous brow, enlaid with flowers,
The song and music, breath'd in thy sweet air,
And time was ever young in thy bright bowers.
Fair were the fruits that courted the dry lip,
Rosy the wine that bade the captive sip,
Beauteous the scenes that in thy bosom lie,
But we beheld them with a captive's eye,
Scorning thy gifts, and looking for the hand,
Which from our hearts should rend oppression's band,
From deep distressing bondage set us free,
Give us the wilderness and liberty!

NIGHT IN VENICE.—Daylight gradually disappears;
but a calm, blue, clear vault of sky overhangs the
Piazza. The cafes are lighted up; awnings are
spread beyond the arcades; the ladies are handed to
seats, within doors or without, as they choose; and
ices, coffee, and liqueurs, with the delicious cakes and
confections of Venice, make their rounds in profu-
sion. In the mean time, musicians and operatic per-
formers take their stand before the various cafes.—
Here a romantic ballad—there a tender duet—in a
third place a tragic scene—and in a fourth a comic
opera—all are performed by turns. One cafe, on the
north side, the ladies delight more especially to ho-
nour, and it presents a perfect galaxy of beauty.—
Another is haunted by the splendid Greeks, and an-
other by the Turks' beards, caftans, and all, lounging
over their pipes in lazy magnificence. We caught a
peep, among the rest of the dramatic persons, of a
great, greasy, Capuchin friar, vanishing thro' the ves-
tibule of the palace staircase, with his heavy sack-cloth
cloak, girdle of cord and little black skull-cap. The
north arcade seems to be the fashionable promenade.
It is, in some places, lined on the outside with rows of
seats, receding far into the piazza; and, in the inside,
the doors and windows of the cafes are blazing with
light and beauty.—The morning of another day broke
before we retired from this scene, to dream of the
Arabian Nights and the palace of Aladdin.—*Heath's
Picturesque Annual.*

HOAR-FROST.

What dream of beauty ever equalled this?
What bands from fairy lands have sallied forth,
With snowy foliage from the abundant North,
With imagery from the realms of bliss!
What visions of my boyhood do I miss
That here are not restored! All splendour pure,
All loveliness, all graces that allure;
Shapes that amaze; a paradise that is,—
Yet was not,—will not in few moments be;
Glory from nakedness, that playfully
Mimics with passing life each summer boon;
Clothing the ground—replenishing the tree;
Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon;
Still as a dream—and like a dream to flee!

MIRABEAU.—He was a great man. He had a gi-
gantic constitution, volcanic passions, an oriental
wealth and strength of imagination, a wonderful power
of acquiring knowledge where he chose to apply him-
self, an almost intuitive perception of character, an
insight into the future that seemed like the inspiration
of prophecy, social powers that fascinated men, and
above all, an energy, and decision of character which
united with his other qualities, made those who were
intellectually his superiors, willing to labour for him
without hope of reward or reputation like slaves.
He received the knowledge of their minds into his; his
imagination and passions breathed life into it, and he
then gave utterance to it in the assembly, in strains
of the most magnificent eloquence.—*Rev. of Mirabeau
&c. in Western Mag. for March.*

POPE.—He had far more enthusiasm in his poetical
disposition than is generally understood, and was ex-
tremely susceptible of the literary associations with
localities: one of the volumes of his *Homer* was be-
gan and finished in an old tower over the chapel at
Stanton Harcourt; and he has perpetuated the event,
if not consecrated the place, by scratching with a dia-
mond on a pane of stained glass this inscription:
In the year 1718 Alexander Pope finished here
the fifth volume of *Homer*.

It was the same feeling which induced him one
day, when taking his usual walk with Harte in the
Haymarket, to desire Harte to enter a little shop,
where going up three pair of stairs into a small room,
Pope said, "In this garret Addison wrote his *Campa-
ign*!" Nothing less than a strong feeling impelled
the poet to ascend this garret—it was a consecrated
spot to his eye; and certainly a curious instance of
the power of genius contrasted with its miserable lo-
cality.—*Curios Literature Second Series.*

* This pane, it appears, has been removed, and is said
to be preserved at Nuneham.

DUNNERSCOPIES.—To almost every house in Rot-
terdam, and sometimes to every window of a house on
the first floor, there is fixed a single or double looking-
glass or reflector, by means of which a person in the
room, sitting before the window, can see by reflec-
tion the whole length of the street, the passengers, the
trees, the canal, and the shipping. When two of the
reflectors are placed at right angles, and the right
angle pointed towards the window, a person within
directing the eye to that angle, will see the whole
street both to the right and to the left. In some of the
towns of England one may now and then observe
one of these reflecting glasses, which is generally
supposed to be intended to put the inhabitant on his
guard against unwelcome visitors, and on that account
they have been whimsically called *dunnerscopies*. In
Rotterdam they are universally adopted for the amuse-
ment of the ladies, more especially those of the upper
classes, who appear but seldom in the streets.—*Col.
Batty's Family Tour.*

LOVE.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality.—
Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

Butler's Remains.

ROMAN SEALS.—Julius Cæsar had for his seal, Ve-
nus armed with a Dart, of which we have numerous

copies. This was to flatter his pride of ancestry, he
pretending that he was descended from Venus and
Æneas. Augustus, when he assumed the empire,
had a Sphinx, which at length he abandoned to elude
the pleasantries of the wits: this Sphinx (they said)
portends riddles. He afterwards adopted the head of
Alexander, and at length his own portrait, engraved
by Dioscorides; Pompey's seal was a Lion holding
a Sword; and when after his death it was presented
to Cæsar, the crafty rival pretended to burst into tears.
The seal of Mæcenas was a frog, which, as it was
generally annexed to his tax-bills, rendered the ani-
mal an object of terror, and made its hoarse croaking
a sound peculiarly harsh and unmusical.—*Library of
Fine Arts.*

THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND THE MILLER.—There
was near Potsdam, in the reign of Frederick the
Great, a mill which interfered with the view from the
windows of Sans Souci. Annoyed by this eye-sore
to his favourite residence, the King sent to inquire the
price for which the mill would be sold by the owner.
—"For no price," was the reply of the sturdy Prus-
sian; and in a moment of anger Frederick gave orders
that the mill should be pulled down. "The King
may do this," said the miller, quietly folding his arms,
"but there are laws in Prussia;" and forthwith he
commenced proceedings against the Monarch, the
result of which was that the Court sentenced Freder-
ick to rebuild the mill, and to pay besides a large sum
of money as compensation for injury which he had
done. The King was mortified, but had the mag-
nanimity to say, addressing himself to his courtiers,—
"I am glad to find that just and upright judges exist
in my kingdom." The above anecdote is well known
to every reader of Prussian history, but it is necessary
to be related here as an introduction to that which
follows. About three years ago, the present head of
an honest miller's family, (his name is Frank,) who
had in due course of time succeeded to the hereditary
possession of his little estate, finding himself, after a
long struggle with losses occasioned by that war,
which brought ruin into many a house besides his
own, involved in pecuniary difficulties that had become
insurmountable, wrote to the present King of Prussia,
reminding him of the refusal experienced by Frederick
the Great at the hands of his ancestor, and stating
that if his Majesty now entertained a similar desire, to
obtain possession of the property, it would be very
agreeable to him, in his present embarrassed circum-
stances, to sell the mill. The King wrote immediately
to him, with his own hand, the following reply:
"My dear neighbour, I cannot allow you to sell
the mill; it must remain in your possession as long
as one member of your family exists; for it belongs to
the history of Prussia. I lament, however, to hear
that you are in circumstances of embarrassment; and
I therefore send you 6000 dollars (about £1000 ster-
ling) to arrange your affairs, in the hope that this sum
will be sufficient for that purpose.

Consider me always your affectionate neighbour,
FREDERICK WILLIAM."

POETRY AND ELOQUENCE.—Poetry is the natural
fruit of solitude and meditation—eloquence, of inter-
course with the world. The persons who have most
feeling of their own, if intellectual culture have given
them a language in which to express it, have the
highest faculty of poetry—those who best understand
the feelings of others are the most eloquent. The
persons, and the nations, who commonly excel in
poetry, are those whose character and tastes render
them least dependent for their happiness upon the ap-
plause, or sympathy, or concurrence of the world in
general. Those to whom that applause, that sym-
pathy, that concurrence are most necessary, generally
excel most in eloquence. And hence, perhaps, the
French, who are the least poetical of all great and
refined nations, are amongst the most eloquent; the
French, also, being the most sociable, the vainest and
the least self dependent.—*Monthly Repos.*

LIBERAL BEQUESTS.—We understand that the late
Hon. Joshua Fisher, who died at Beverly last week,
has bequeathed \$20,000 to Harvard University, as a
foundation of a Professorship of Natural History;
also about \$7000 to Rev. Mr. Thayer's Congrega-
tional Society. He has made other liberal donations.
—*Salem Gaz.*

We learn from the Boston Advocate that in the
will of Miss Sarah Jackson, recently deceased, the
liberal bequest has been made of \$10,000 to the Theo-
logical Seminary of Harvard College, and \$10,000 to
such charitable institutions in the city of Boston, as
the Executor (Daniel F. Parker, Esq.) may direct.—
The Howard Benevolent Society, and the Boston
Medical Dispensary, have a donation of \$200 each,
the Society worshipping at Dr. Lowell's Church 790,
from the same source.

THE PIRATES' REVEL.

Come, fill the cup—the man who thins—
His fate upon a chance,
Against the hazard of it knows;
And swears the best of times.

Then fill the blessing's cup—
Ay, fill it to the brim;
Who noddly darts and dings, the cup
We dedicate to him.

My little flag flies to the breeze,
My war-bark trembles to the waves;
If there be wealth upon the sea,
'Twill surely be mine.

What care we for the law's decree?
'Tis but a name for slaves to lead;
If they, like us, the world can't tame,
They'd never have been dead.

But let them to their work and give
To us the ocean waves;
On which to live as in a should live,
In which to find a grave.

Then drink, my heart—let long ere dawn
We triumph on the sea;
When fortune smiles, and fortune smiles no more,
Ours will be the victory.

I breathed freely. Your Highness may be surprised at the assertion, but whether I obtained air from the ice itself, or whether the ice was sufficiently porous to admit of it, I know not; but from that time I had no difficulty of respiration. In our country we have had instances of women and children, who have been buried in the snow for two months, and yet have been taken out alive, and have recovered, although they had little or no nourishment during their inhumation. I recollected this, and aware that the carcass of the animal would supply me for years, I began to indulge a hope that I might yet be saved, if driven sufficiently to the southward to admit of my being thawed out. I was convinced that the ice about me could not be more than six or eight feet thick, as I had sufficient light to distinguish the day from the night. Afterwards my eyesight became so much more acute, that I could see very well to every corner of the cave in which I was embedded.

During the first month the calls of hunger obliged me to make frequent attacks upon the carcass of the sea-horse; after that, my appetite decreased, until at length I would not touch a mouthful of food in a week—I presume from want of fresh air and exercise, neither of which I could be said to enjoy. I had been about two months in this hole, when a violent shock like that of an earthquake took place, and I fell from the top of the cave to the bottom, and for a minute was knocked about like a pea in a rattle. I had almost lost my senses before it was over, and I found myself lying upon what was before the top of the cave. From these circumstances I inferred that the iceberg in which I was inclosed had come in contact with another, and that I had been broken off from it, and was floating on the sea with other pieces, which, when collected in large quantities, are termed a floe of ice. Whether my situation was changed for the better I knew not, but the change inspired me with fresh hopes. I now calculated that five months had elapsed, and that it was the depth of winter, therefore I had no chance of being released until the ensuing spring.

"Allah Wakbar, God is every where!" interrupted the Pasha. "But I wish to know, Huckaback, how you were so exactly aware of the time which had passed away?"

"Min Bash, and head of thousands!" replied Huckaback, "I will explain to your Highness. I once jammed my nail at the bottom, and I expected to lose it. It did not however come off, but grew up as before, and I had the curiosity to know how often people changed their nails in the course of the year. It was exactly two months, and from this I grounded my calculations. I observed specks on my nails, and as they grew up, so did I calculate time."

"Mashallah, how wonderful!" Well said, by Allah! I never should have thought of that," observed the Pasha. "Proceed with your story."

The five months had elapsed, according to my calculations, when one morning I heard a grating noise close to me; soon afterwards I perceived the teeth of a saw entering my domicile, and I correctly judged that some ship was cutting her way through the ice. Although I could not make myself heard, I waited in anxious expectation of deliverance. The saw approached very near to where I was sitting, and I was afraid that I should be wounded, if not cut in halves; but just as it was within two inches of my nose it was withdrawn. The fact was, that I was under the main floe, which had been frozen together, and the firm ice above having been removed and pushed away, I rose to the surface. A current of fresh air immediately poured into the small incision made by the saw, which not only took away my breath from its sharpness, but brought on a spitting of blood. Hearing the sound of voices, I considered my deliverance as certain. Although I understood very little English, I heard the name of Captain Parry frequently mentioned, a name, I presume, that your Highness is well acquainted with.

"Poof! never heard of it," replied the Pasha.

"I am surprised, your Highness; I thought every body must have heard of that adventurous navigator. I may here observe that I have since read his voyages, and he mentions, as a curious fact, the steam which was emitted from the ice—which was nothing more than the hot air escaping from my cave when it was cut through—a singular point, as it not only proves the correctness of his remarks, but the circumstance of my having been there, as I am now describing to your Highness."

But, alas! my hopes soon vanished: the voices became more faint, I felt that I was plunged under the floe to make room for the passage of the ship, and when I rose, the water which had filled the incision made by the saw, froze hard, and I was again closed in—perhaps for ever. I now became quite frantic with despair, I tore my clothes, and dashed my head against the corners of the cave, and tried to put an end to my hated existence. At last I sunk down exhausted with my own violent efforts, and continued sullen for several days.

But there is a buoyant spirit in our composition which raises our heads above the waters of despair.—Hope never deserts us, not even in the iceberg. She attends us, and supports us to the last, and although we reject her kind offices in our fury, she still watches by us, ready to assist and console us, when we are inclined to listen to her consoling whispers.

I once more listened to her suggestions, and for six months fed upon them, aided by occasional variations of the flesh of the sea-horse. It was now late in the summer, and the ice in which I was bound up had evidently melted away. One morning I was astonished by perceiving that the light of the sun seemed to change its position regularly every quarter of an

hour. Had it done so occasionally during the day, and at no stated intervals, I should have imagined that the ice that I was enclosed in, altered its position from the winds and currents; but the regularity astonished me. I watched it, and I found that the same phenomenon occurred, but at shorter intervals, and it continued until the light shifted from side to side every minute.

After some reflection, the horrid idea occurred to me that I must have been drifted to the coast of Norway, and was in the influence of the dreadful whirlpool, called the Maelstrom, and that in a few minutes I should be engulfed forever, and, as I thought it might be the case, the light revolved each fifteen seconds. "Then it is!" cried I in despair, and as I uttered the words it became quite dark, and I knew that I had sunk in the vortex, and all was over.

It may appear strange to your Highness, that, after the first pang, occasioned by the prospect of perdition, had passed away, that so far from feeling a horror at my situation, I mocked and derided it. I could feel no more, and I awaited the result with perfect indifference. From the marks in my nails, I afterwards found out that I was nearly six months in the interior of the earth. At last, one day I was nearly blinded by the powerful light that poured through my tempest, and I knew that I was once more floating on the water.

"Allah Kebir!" exclaimed the Pasha. "Holy Prophet, where was it that you came up again?"

"In the harbour of Port Royal in Jamaica. Your Highness will hardly credit it, but on my honour it is true."

The heat of the sun was so great, that in a very short time the ice that surrounded me was thawed, and I found myself at liberty; but I still floated upon the body of the sea-horse, and the ice which was under the water. The latter soon vanished, and striding the back of the dead animal, although nearly blind by the rays of the sun, and suffocated with the sudden change of climate, I waited patiently to gain the shore, which was not one mile distant; but, before I could arrive there, for the sea breeze had not yet set in, an enormous shark, well known among the English by the name of Port Royal Tom, who had daily rations from government, that by remaining in the harbour he might prevent the sailors from swimming on shore to desert, ranged up along side of me. I thought it hard that I should have to undergo such new dangers after having been down the Maelstrom, but there was no help for it. He opened his enormous jaws, and had I not immediately shifted my leg, would have taken it off. As it was, he took such a piece out of my horse, as to render it what the sailors call *lopsided*. Again he attacked it, and continued to take piece after piece off my steed, until I was afraid he would come to the rider at last, when fortunately a boat full of black people, who were catching flying fish, perceived me and pulled to my assistance. They took me on shore and carried me to the governor, to whom I gave a history of my adventures; but Englishmen suppose that nobody can meet with wondrous adventures except themselves. He called me a liar, and put me in the Clink, and a pirate schooner having been lately taken and the crew executed, I was declared to have been one of them; but, as it was clearly proved that the vessel only contained thirty men, and they had already hung forty-seven, I was permitted to quit the island, which I did in a small vessel bound to America, on condition that I would work my passage.

THE AIGULETS OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

A Secret Anecdote.

"The annals of gallantry, and even romantic fiction, have opened few scenes more strangely magnificent than some of the incidents which mark the rapid but splendid career of that famous Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was the idol minister of two monarchs, and the victim of favouritism."

Certain it is, when Villiers was on his short embassy in France that he dared to become an impetuous lover of Anne of Austria, the consort of Louis the Thirteenth. * * * * * The particulars which we are about to relate are strange, but appear authentic; for they are confirmed by a positive assertion in the Memoirs of the Duke of Rochefoucauld. The romantic incident, which has been preserved by a French manuscript, is not indeed to be found among the writers of secret memoirs in our own country, where indeed the secret must have been confined to the two personages, neither of whom would willingly have revealed it to the other; but this did not happen at the Court of the Louvre, where it not only excited a deeper interest than at the Court of St. James, but involved the fate, and baffled the designs of the highest personages who were the actors in this little drama.

The French monarch had presented his Queen with an uncommon present, whose fashion and novelty at the time were considered as the most beautiful ornament worn. It was what the French term *des ferrets d'aiguillettes de diamans*,—aiguilets, or points tagged with diamonds.

On the arrival of Buckingham, every day was a festival. Richelieu gave a magnificent entertainment in the gardens of Ruel, the most beautiful in France; the nobility prided themselves on their suppers, their balls, their concerts, and their masquerades. Buckingham danced with all his peculiar graces; the Queen honoured him as her partner in what is called a "counter-dance," (or, as we commonly call it, a country dance.) And as in this English dance opportunities are continually occurring to approach one another, to give and to cross their hands, the eyes, the gestures, timidity, or boldness, and a thousand indescribable

things are too intelligible, though they pass amidst the silence in which such spectacles are performed, out of respect to the public. This Frenchman describes our obsolete country dances to have been as dangerous as were our waltzes on their first introduction.

Richelieu was jealously watchful of what was passing; the Countess of Lanoy gave him an account of every thing her prying eyes could discover. Under the specious title of *Dame d'Honneur* our Kings have found means to place near their Queens a perpetual surveillance. But as the Superintendent of the Royal House has private *entrees de cabinet* at all times, which are not the privilege of the *Dames d'Honneur*, Madame de Chevreuse passed whole hours alone with the Queen, and the Cardinal, however well informed of the exterior, was very little of what passed between the Queen and her friend. The French Minister pressed Buckingham to close the negotiation of the marriage of Henrietta, but Villiers had no desire to quit the French Court, always finding some occasion for delay. At length the ceremony was performed with great splendour. In all that had hitherto passed, the Queen had received from Buckingham many proofs of his lively but respectful passion. She certainly was not insensible to love, and if she really caught the flame which she had herself lighted up, there is no doubt that her virtue supported her, and that Buckingham departed with all the honourable treatment which a stranger can receive from a great Court, and only vexed to recross the seas without any other fruits of his love than that of having been listened to with favour.

There was one indiscretion which escaped from the Queen. On the evening of Buckingham's departure she sent the Duke secretly by Madame de Chevreuse, the gift she had received from her royal consort, the aiguilets tagged with diamonds; and this present, which might have been considered a mark of the magnificence of the Queen, became, by the circumstance of the gift, and the pleasure of the mystery, an act of delicate gallantry which charmed the English Duke, and sent him home a happy man.

During the journey of Buckingham, the Countess of Clarik, (probably the Countess of Carlisle, for Frenchmen generally spell our names by their ear, which is very bad,) somewhat in pique at what she had heard of the infidelity of her straying admirer, had found out a secret way to correspond with Richelieu, who, on his part, had not omitted any thing which tended to inflame the English Countess. This great Minister was well known for multiplying all sorts of means to gain intelligence from all the Courts of Europe; his industry never slumbered, and his treasure was never spared. The present which the Queen had made of her aiguilets tagged with diamonds had not escaped the vigilant eyes of the *Dame d'Honneur*, and the secret had reached Richelieu. This Minister had long watched his opportunity to ruin the Queen in the mind of the King, over whom, indeed, he himself exercised the greatest authority, but which sometimes was balanced by the Queen. Richelieu wrote to the Countess of Clarik, desiring her to renew her intimacy with Buckingham, and if, in any of the approaching entertainments which would take place on his return, she should observe in his dress aiguilets tagged with diamonds, that she would contrive to cut off two or three, and despatch these to him. Buckingham was too feeble to resist the studied seductions of his old friend; and the Countess found no difficulty in accomplishing her task. At a ball at Windsor Castle, Buckingham appeared in a black velvet suit, with a gold embroidery; a scarf was flung over his shoulder, and from a knot of blue ribbons hung twelve aiguilets tagged with diamonds, flaming their hues on the surface on which they played. When Buckingham had retired home from the ball, his valets de chambre perceived that two of the twelve aiguilets were missing, and they convinced him that these had not been dropped by any accident, but had positively been cut off.

There was something in his recollection of that evening, which bred a suspicion. He felt conscious that whoever had done this had some latent motive. The secret history of these diamond aiguilets could only be known to their wearer, yet, notwithstanding, and as it were by intuition, he thought that the honour of the royal giver might, in some mode or other, be concerned in possessing the twelve aiguilets entire. He decided that, notwithstanding the artifice of the cunning purloiner, he would prevent any design, if there were any, of the enemies of the Queen that the number should not be diminished. With his extraordinary rapidity of conception, Buckingham struck out a gigantic scheme which no one less than a Minister of State and most romantic lover could have executed.—Early in the morning, couriers were despatched to close the ports, and neither the packet-boat with the mail nor any vessel sailing for France were suffered to depart. At that moment, when the Rochellees were waiting for the promised reinforcements from England, an universal panic struck both nations, and was seemed on the point of declaration. However, this sudden cessation of national intercourse was only to gain a single day, that his celebrated jeweller might, at any cost, and with all his skill, procure two aiguilets tagged with diamonds, of the same size and appearance of the remaining ten. What cannot such a man and such means effect? The work was finished; and on the following day France and England were at peace. The ports were reopened, and Buckingham despatched a secret messenger to France, who conveyed the twelve aiguilets tagged with diamonds to the hands of Madame de Chevreuse. He acquainted her with his recent adventure, and communicated his suspicions of the Countess of Clarik, who was frequently by his side during the ball, and with whom he had danced

He requested the Queen would receive back what he himself valued most, lest any concealed mystery should prove ruinous to her quiet. The precaution was not useless; for as soon as Richelieu had received the two tags of diamonds sent him by the Countess of Clarik, this Minister, who was trying all methods to ruin the Queen in the King's favour, and the royal jealousy had already broken out on her intercourse with Buckingham, now hit on what he concluded to be a certain triumph. He put into the King's hand to request the Queen would dress herself more frequently with the diamond aiguillets, for that he had been secretly informed that she had valued his present so lightly as to have given it away, or had sold them, for that an English jeweller had offered to sell him two of these aiguillets.

The blow aimed by Richelieu rebounded on himself. The Queen, affecting no surprise, with apparent simplicity commanded instantly that her casket of jewels should be brought, and opened by the King. He had the satisfaction of counting the twelve aiguillets tagged with diamonds, and seeing the Queen more beautiful than ever by wearing his gift on that day. Her majesty had also the satisfaction of learning that the King severely reprimanded Richelieu for his perpetual suspicions and his false intelligence; and Richelieu doubtless must have astonished the Countess of Clarik, by return of post, in expressing his indignation at being so inconceivably mystified.

Such is the story, which, it will be acknowledged, is at least amusing. It seems so far authentic that it appears to have been written by some contemporary at the French Court, which we may infer, by the cautious defence of the character of Anne of Austria, whose coquetry the writer has palliated, and whose virtue he imagines was her sufficient safeguard. The meretricious part is the extraordinary expedient of Buckingham in shutting the ports for a single day while his jeweller was working on the two aiguillets to supply the missing ones. The romantic and determined character of Villiers admits the possibility of so bold a manoeuvre; but still we can hardly satisfy ourselves of the veracity of this singular tale, without granting Buckingham a depth and a rapidity of penetration beyond his accustomed and volatile habits. Love and honour may have been sufficient for his inspiration on this occasion; and as the fact, with some of the details, is alluded to by the Duke of Rochefoucauld in his Memoirs, we cannot condemn this anecdote of secret history as a mere fiction. —*New Mag.*

CHARITY VERSES.

A few stanzas [?] which we take from a longer essay, on Charity, will illustrate the latest invention in versifying which the teeming brain of T. Hood has supplied:—

I picked up a young well-dressed gentleman, who had fallen in a fit in St. Martin's Court,
And charitably offered to send him home—for charity always seemed to be my forte;
And I've had presents for seeing fallen gentlemen home;
But this was a very unlucky job—
Do you know, he got my watch, my purse, and my handkerchief—for it was one of the swell mob.

Being four miles from town, I stopt a horse that had run away with a man, when it seemed that they must be dashed to pieces.

Though several kind people were following him with all their might—but such following a horse, his speed increases;
I held the horse while he went to recruit his strength, and I meant to ride home, of course;
But the crowd came and took me up—for it turned out the man had run away with the horse.

I watched last month all the drovers and drivers about the suburbs—for it's a positive fact,
I think the utmost penalty ought always to be enforced against every body under Mr. Martin's act;
But I couldn't catch one hit over the horns, or over the slins, or on the ears, or over the head;
And I caught a rheumatism from early wet hours, and got five weeks of ten swelled fingers in bed.

Well, I've utterly done with charity, though I used so to preach about its finest fount;
Charity may do for some that are more lucky, but I can't turn it to any account—
It goes so the very reverse way—even if one chirrup it up with a dust of pity;

That henceforth let it be understood, I take my name entirely out of the list of the subscribers to the Humane Society.

THE LONDON PRESS.

(Concluded.)

Excessive ignorance and vulgarity often lead to the most ludicrous scenes in newspaper offices. The printer and editor of the 'Observer' is deemed a man of such transcendent talents by the proprietor, that he often exercises his judgment and control in editing the 'Morning Chronicle.' On one occasion, a very raw 'Thames man' from the Emerald Isle had obtained, honestly or tortively, the *entre* into the grounds of the pavilion at Virginia Water, than which Rosamond's bower, or Lord Eldon's purse, never had been supposed more hermetically sealed. He forthwith wrote a description of the place, full of the wildest Irish metaphors, and more redolent of hyperbole and blunder, than even a Milesian can be supposed to delight in. He offered his manuscript at a penny a line to the learned editor of the 'Observer,' who bought it with avidity, and inserted it in the 'Morning Chronicle.' Could it have been read as a quiz or hoax, or rather had it been written as a burlesque, it would have shown very considerable wit; but, like Mr. Dillon's Lord Mayor's Journey to Oxford, it was a composition written in downright earnest. The Emerald described in ecstasy the more than heavenly beauties of this retreat, on which the King had spent almost count-

less sums of the public money. He dwelt with emphasis on the beautiful broad gravel walk, 'of a light pale straw colour, worthy the patronage of Majesty.' He then proceeded to expatiate upon the variety of surprisingly large shrubs and bushes which 'meandered on the tops of the hills'; and meaning, if he had any meaning, to describe the walks that radiated from the house, as a centre, to the circumference of the grounds, he declared that there were a number of beautiful paths that walked away in a thousand directions, and seemed to lead to a thousand points, 'when in fact they lead nowhere.' After a tissue of such abominable rhodomontade, the author concluded with an Irish rhapsody—'O Virginia! lovely Virginia! nothing can equal thy charms; no—not even the Lakes of Killarney.' It may easily be imagined that such vile trash, in a paper of classical celebrity, would not only injure its character, but vex and mortify its highly reputable editor.

In stating these facts of the 'Observer,' the leading and almost only Sunday paper a few years ago, when Sunday papers were read only by journey men mechanics, it must not be supposed that it is intended to deteriorate the character of the weekly press. This part of the press, in fact, contains by far the greatest portion of talent—and for an obvious reason: the little capital required for the venture of a Sunday paper, puts such speculations within the reach of literary men. Another class of readers of Sunday papers has sprung up of late years. In the days of the 'Observer,' and of 'Johnson's Sunday Monitor,' the Sunday papers were merely weekly Summaries, intended for those whose constant labour and want of means prevented them from reading the daily journals. Now, almost all the really intellectual and independent or honest speculations upon public affairs, are to be found in these publications. The fact is, that there is an enormous degree of literary talent employed in the weekly papers. The 'Athenaeum' can hardly be considered as a newspaper, it is a weekly magazine, and admirably conducted. The 'Examiner,' the 'Spectator,' the 'Atlas,' and two or three others, are also as valuable from their literary critiques, as from their general sound writing.

Of the Sunday papers there is one, 'Bell's Life in London,' which is not void of humor, and is edited with some talent; and yet, like the 'Observer,' it is dedicated to a spirit or race quickly passing, or already passed away—'The Ring.' The most silly had now understands, that a purse for a fight is made up by the flash houses, upon a calculation, never falsified, that the pickpockets will make so much by the plunder of the spectators, that the landlords will not only be repaid the capital they advance, but reap further profits by the expenditure of those who have become 'flush' by their dexterity. There are two flash houses alone, which are always ready to advance one hundred and fifty pounds on this principle, upon any fight; and one of these flash houses, to my personal knowledge, is under the protection of a Bow Street officer, who has foiled Sir Richard Birnie, by contriving the escape of thieves whom he was sent to arrest in this den of infamy. This is a system which will not exist much longer. It is as bad as that of the days of Sir John Fielding, when the magistrates themselves were sleeping partners in the receiving houses.

In most fights, every event of the fight is arranged, determined, and settled long before the fight begins. Who shall receive and give the first knock-down blow, who shall draw the first blood, who shall be beaten, and in what round, or at what signal, are all points settled before the fight, by the black legs. The 'ring' itself is not, acquainted with the secrets—only the miscreants hired for the purpose of the fraud, with their 'friends,' are 'let into it.' How far they may divulge the secrets imparted to them, for their own base objects, is another point. Fair stand up fights have been knocked on the head. What are called sporting papers, must 'back out' of their occupation, and that very quickly—their 'occupation's gone.'

There is an outcry made against 'The Age,' as vituperative of private character, and as assailant against all that an honest newspaper would feel to be exempt from the pale of newspaper cognizance. Without involving this point, I may apply to the subject the excellent observation of Bonaparte to a person reading Tacitus to him, and expressing his abhorrence of the Roman Emperors, 'Why did the people submit to those Emperors?' This is tantamount to Machiavel's sarcasm, 'any government is good enough for a people that submits to it.' If the public did not approve of the 'Age,' or delight in it, the paper would soon change its character. The world is exceedingly prone to abuse what it most enjoys, and there is not a more certain test of the prevalence of any practice than the general disposition to 'mouth against it.'—That the 'Age' is occasionally indefensible, we grant, and that causing us to smile, is no excuse for indecency; but if this paper was not to the public taste, it would not be purchased, and would of course die a natural death. Yet is this the case? Is it not taken in almost every club in London, and seized by the members as the first paper to be read? Do not elderly gentlemen pore over its contents, and then go home and take their families to church? And if the 'Age' is mentioned in their domestic circle, lift up their voices and protest it never shall be admitted into the house! This is the fact, and the public are to blame if the 'Age' is a bad paper, much more than the proprietors. As Shakspeare says in 'Measure for Measure'—

'Shame to him, whose cruel striking,
Kills for faults of his own liking.'

I now shall refer, in proof of the public taste for attacks upon individuals, to a paper of a very different description: the high Tory paper, edited by Theodore

Hook, 'John Bull.' It had, for a long period, been the custom of Whigs and Radicals to make personal attacks upon the Tory party, who did not condescend to retaliate. When this newspaper was established, it immediately commenced the system of retaliation, and for any quantity of mud thrown at the Tories, 'John Bull' had always a double allowance to return. So stung were the opposite parties by the keen satire and original wit of the editor, that they had cried out shame at the very proceedings which they set the example of for so many years. The paper then rose to the zenith of its reputation; now that the war upon private character has, by mutual consent, as it were subsided, this paper is not so much sought after, although it has the strongest claims for its consistency and powerful writing; but while its editor was the political Aristophanes of the day, every one laughed at, praised, and took in the 'John Bull.'

Like the stage, the press but echoes back the public voice; and it is due to the middle classes to say that the Sunday papers, which are addressed to them, are of a better moral and higher intellect than those addressed to the upper classes. As a proof of this, I may cite the 'Weekly Dispatch,' the circulation of which exceeds any thing ever known in England or in Europe. According to the last return of stamps to parliament, the average circulation of the 'Times' was about 13,300, whereas that of the 'Weekly Dispatch,' amounted to 33,350. The very low circulation of the 'Court Journal,' the lowest in the scale of all the weekly papers, is an honour to the good sense of the public. In the great community of a metropolis there always must be large body of rich retired traders and wealthy parvenus, aldermen's wives, common councilmen's wives, ex-sheriff's daughters, and female relatives of ex-lord mayors. These people are always the prey of the disease of longing to know what is fashionable among the great, and like the former editor of the 'Herald,' they are open to every imposition, and the more gross the absurdity the more easily they are imposed upon. They have no test of right and wrong, and 'My lord said three times, Jerningham, Jerningham, Jerningham, bring me my garters,' is the sort of trash which they mistake for aristocratic news. Any paper, therefore, that has the cunning to address itself to these classes, and will assume a title of fashion, and aid its sale by pictures, is sure to succeed for a short time, and to a limited extent; but it is no part or parcel of the press. It has its run until some rich city knight's lady becomes the butt of all jokes by her caricatures of the great, and she finds her source of information to be a mere fudge. She retires overwhelmed with confusion, her late is a nine days' joke, and the fashionable journal is rejected by her and all her coterie.

The number of stamps is not an infallible test of the circulation of a newspaper. It is the trick of some proprietors to take out a great many more stamps than they want, and to sell them at a trifling loss to country publications, in order to give a false appearance of circulation to their journal, and thus acquire advertisements and confidence. A few months ago the 'Times' denied the possibility of such a practice, but with arguments which clearly proved its possibility and existence.

The fate of the 'Chronicle,' once the first journal in Europe, shows, that even under the very ablest editor in England, a paper cannot succeed, if it be partially managed by illiterate men, indifferent to the rights and deencies of those around them. The expenses of foreign news and estafettes are so heavy, that the principle papers club equal sums, and receive equally whatever news may arrive. The 'Morning Chronicle,' tired at the long dearth of any intelligence worth having from France, withdrew from the subscription purse. Unluckily this happened on the very eve of the revolution of the barricades, and the 'Chronicle' was without the most important foreign news ever received since the peace of 1814.—The interval of parliament is what is called 'the dull times for newspapers,' and the 'Chronicle,' having no one point of strength or attraction, except its reporting and leading articles, feels the dullness more than any paper in London. If the Dona Dea of newspapers do not send a Thurtell, a Burke, or a Bishop, or if the assize cases do not supply some trials for murder, rape, or seduction, some Manchester massacre or Bristol conflagration, then indeed are the newspapers most dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable. The propitious gods sent some most admirable matter in the last dull times, but unfortunately the 'Chronicle' missed the best of it. The country was gaping like the parched desert for the refreshing shower, and each man stood tip-toe in anxiety for the fate of Oporto. The attack was made and repelled, the history appeared in the 'Times' and 'Herald,' but not in the 'Chronicle' till the day after. The two former papers sent reporters to Oporto, and the 'Chronicle' did not. Again, our merchants, manufacturers, traders, politicians, and in short, all the world were in breathless anxiety for the King of Holland's speech to the Chambers. It arrived and appeared in all the daily papers except the 'Morning Chronicle.' In fact, the 'Times' and 'Herald' sent reporters to Belgium, and the 'Chronicle' did not. In its utter destitution of foreign news, at the most awful crisis of foreign affairs, and with an utter vacuity of all intelligence whatever, a stranger signing himself O. P. Q. sent his anonymous and gratuitous communications from France. These were totally disregarded and continued until an hour of distress, when there was nothing to fill the columns, and one of these letters was used *ad captandum*, and as a forlorn hope. Though their style is not good, their matter is excellent. They have proved the salvation of the paper in its last

struggles. The writer has now five guineas a week for his communications.

The tyranny of the press over employes is incredible. The author of the 'Corn Law Rhymes' observes, that workmen in the manufacturing towns who become masters, are always the most severe and unfeeling to the men. The same principle pervades every stage of society. No officer is so merciless a martinet as the man raised from before the mast: the worst of all negro owners is the mulatto or emancipated slave; and the most inconsiderate, indelicate, and unjust tyrant over a newspaper establishment is sure to have been some low reporter raised to the editorship, or some ignorant mushroom whom good fortune or reguery has raised to the proprietorship.

The words of Ebenezer Elliot, the author of 'Corn Law Rhymes,' are forcible. 'Perhaps the most frightful symptom of our social disease is exhibited by the masters who have been workmen, and who exceed in arrogance and insolence by many degrees the cab driving sons of the sons from the dunghill sprung.' Let us sketch some actual scenes, of very recent occurrence. It must be premised, that in the navy and army, all personal considerations are as nought in respect to the exigencies of the public service; but where the service does not require the sacrifice of the interests, or health, or convenience of an individual, they are held in respect. This is not the case in the service of the press. A proprietor of a newspaper writes to a reporter, a married man, domestic with his family—Dear sir, I request to see you at the office, at six this evening. The reporter arrives, and is addressed thus. 'The court martial on Admiral Codrington is to sit at Portsmouth. It will last perhaps a fortnight or three weeks. I have taken your place in the seven o'clock coach, and you will proceed, sir, directly to Portsmouth and report the proceedings.' 'I wish you had mentioned this in your letter; I might have taken leave of my children, made some little family arrangements, and have at least carried a change of linen.' 'O, sir, you can send your keys home by a porter, and your family can send clothes after you.' 'But, there is no earthly occasion for this despatch; and I have left even my desk unlocked, and my papers at sixes and sevens.' 'Don't talk to me, sir; if you don't like my service you can resign.' This stupid and brutal hawhawism reduces a gentleman to the alternative of a sudden loss of income, or to this utterly useless and wanton sacrifice of his feelings and convenience. To another person, who from domestic affliction begs him not to send him on a distant service, as one of the establishment conversant with the object sent for is willing to go. The laconic reply is, 'Sir, you can resign.' Again he writes to a gentleman, 'Dear sir, immediately on the receipt of this you will proceed to Oporto via Falmouth. I enclose you 40*l.*, and if you can join with the reporters of the 'Times' and 'Herald,' it will be desirable. I am, &c. &c. The idea of going to a besieged town in Portugal, staying out the siege, and returning for 40*l.* is sufficiently ludicrous. But in this case the reporter replies, 'I am a lieutenant in the navy, and cannot leave England without an admiralty permission; I cannot go beyond seas without altering a policy, which ensures my life for a large sum; and lastly, I cannot quit my family thus without even an hour's notice. The breach on the subject was, very fortunately for the reporter, healed by the intervention of a third party, who had influence.

Just before poor Perry's death, a return of stamps was moved for, and it displayed a circulation of the 'Chronicle' below what any had imagined. Whiggism was not only on the wane, but wealth and age had rendered Mr. Perry rather negligent, indolent, and timid. Upon his death the paper was to be sold without reserve. The third bidder was Mr. Maberley, the member, who no doubt would have made it a very fine property, and a most useful periodical. Backed, however, by stationers, and stimulated by a noble thirst of fame, the present proprietor, purchased the copyright, for 40,000*l.*, to be paid by instalments, with interest upon each instalment as long as it should be in arrear. The fate of the paper in such hands was obvious.

Of all the writers and editors of London, it appears to me that Mr. Black is the most philosophical and profound. The editor of the 'Globe' is more terse and less diffuse, but he is not more philosophic. The writer of the 'Times' is completely a man of a university—full of prejudices, totally destitute of philosophy and science, but well read in literature, and a dexterous logomachist, or perhaps a good philologist. But Mr. Black's leading articles in the 'Morning Chronicle' used to be perfect studies, and a person might make himself a well informed gentleman, and collect materials for thinking, more profoundly than many men can think, by reading the 'Chronicle' alone.—Mr. Black's reading is more extensive than any man's I ever knew. His studies are not only well directed, but his mind is so full of arrangement, that his knowledge is always ready for the occasion. Whatever subjects arise, he has at his command all the best information upon them; and his faculty of combining and classing knowledge so as to establish the general principles upon which the subjects must rest, and by which they must be determined, is the finest I ever knew. Notwithstanding this, the 'Morning Chronicle,' for causes which I have stated, is the worst paper that London has possessed for many years. The editor's faculty for generalization is excellent. Very different are the far famed leaders of the 'Times.' A man is scarcely ever wiser for reading an article in that journal. He collects few materials for thinking, and is seldom put in the right way of thought. The leaders of the 'Times' display a superb and vigorous

command of words, and for the conveyance of sentiment, the declaration of opinions, rousing the passions, and fixing the prejudices of the world, they never have been equalled. Of philosophy they can make no boast, and they often display a most deplorable ignorance of the general principles and even of the elements of political science.

* * Twelve and a half cents will be given for perfect copies of Nos. 1-6-11 and 24 of the present Vol. of the Constellation.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1833.

The fourth number of the KNICKERBACKER—and the first since the Pilot who launched the Bark on the literary sea of uncertainty, retired from the helm—is now before us. It is certainly creditable to the new Pilots who have taken the Ship in charge—and our best wishes attend them for a prosperous voyage.

The contents of the present number are—A Biography of the late Gilbert Stuart, by Wm. Dunlap, Esq.—a short but pleasing sketch. *Conan Sur*, a novel, in six chapters—one would have been quite enough. *The Megrim Ball*—description good, satire just, the conclusion—

"Where is your coach?—sing out for Gray!—
And these we've left, we'll now discuss—
As, at their second supper, they
Will very likely do by us."

Studies of Language, No. IV.—an interesting article on Hebrew Literature. *Stock-am-eisen*, or *The Iron Trunk*: the conclusion of the tale is superior to the former part—however good we esteemed that, this will be read with intense interest. *What is Life?*—poetically portrayed! *The Whooping Hollow*, by Henry Inman, Esq.—a well-written article on a subject which always commands readers,—spectral appearances. *Warison of the Vicar*. *Recollections of a Bachelor*—reasons for remaining one, quite sufficient; and the picture of the gambler's fate, awful, but true. The number concludes with *Notices of New Works*, *Fine Arts*, &c., and is embellished with an engraved Likeness of the late Gilbert Stuart.

Miss Edgeworth's Works.—J. & J. Harper.—Volume 4 of these entertaining and instructive writings has been published this week, in the same handsome style with those that have preceded it. It is occupied with the three "Tales of fashionable life,"—*Maneuvering*, *Almoria*, and *Vivian*. There is an air of truth and nature in the compositions of Miss Edgeworth, which secures for them almost universal acceptance and favor.

The embellishments of this volume correspond with those that have adorned the other parts of this edition.

TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE AND LIBRARY OF REFERENCE.—Messrs. Conner & Cooke have now issued Parts I. II. and III. of this admirable work in detached volumes. We had occasion to speak very favorably of this work on its first appearance, when it was comprised in one volume. The Dictionary and Chronology have attained their fourth, and the Gazetteer its sixth edition.

JONATHAN'S COURTSHIP.

Jonathan Brown was one of the likeliest fellows who resided in the pleasant village of Nemochink, in the year of our Lord 1830. He was about six and twenty years of age, of an athletic figure and iron constitution; and it was said he could now over more acres of land, or lay up more rods of stone wall in a day than any lad in those parts.

His father had been dead about three years and a half, and had left the bulk of his property, consisting of a large dwelling-house, a spacious barn and out-houses, and a flourishing farm, to his beloved son Jonathan. His younger sister lived with him, and his mother acted in quality of house-keeper.

After his father's death, every thing went on smoothly enough for a time; but at length the old lady unwisely aimed at despotic authority, and expressed a resolution to regulate the household affairs without regard to the convenience or wishes of her son. Jonathan bore it patiently enough for a few months—but one day after a violent dispute with his maternal parent, respecting the propriety of killing and salting down a favorite porker, before or after Thanksgiving, Jonathan undutifully declared that he would live so no longer, and cruelly destroyed all the old lady's dreams of dominion, by expressing a determination to get a wife.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of November, when Jonathan Brown proceeded to put himself in decent trim; and when the rich harvest of his chin and upper lip had been gathered—when his hair was smoothly combed, and he was attired in his best broadcloth coat and untalkaboutables, with silver watch and waistcoat to match—he was as decent a looking personable sort of a man as one would see in a summer's day.

As he sighing left his native home on this most important expedition, he communed with himself: 'I never had much acquaintance with the gals about in these parts, and I don't know as any of them will have me. 'Tis but trying, arter all, and if one won't, who knows but another will. There's 'Squire Jones's daughter Nabby. She's a real fine gal—I'll try her first. They say Deacon Thompson has a sneaking notion arter her—but I don't believe it. May be she'll think herself too much of a lady for me; but she looked so pretty last Sunday at meeting in her new bonnet, that it shan't be my fault if she does not become Mrs. Brown. But if she's fool enough to say 'Nay!' there's Nancy Tompkins, who has lately returned from visiting her rich uncle in Boston. She's used to genteel society—is quite a lady—been educated at a boarding school, and will make me a flashy wife. I don't believe she's got a beau yet; and I dare say will be glad of such a chance. Then there's Peggy Pipkin, the prettiest gal in all the town. To be sure there's always some sparks arter her—and some folks do tell strange stories of her—but I don't believe them though. I dare say I can have her. And if the worst comes to worst, there's Sally Johnson. She's no great beauty it is true; but she is a good girl, and has been well brought up, and will make any man a capital wife. 'By jingo,' exclaimed Jonathan, who by this time had worked himself into a complete matrimonial passion, 'I'll strike a bargain with one or t'other of them, before I enter my own doors again!' As he expressed this praiseworthy resolution, he reached the door of 'Squire Jones's house.

He found the inmates, Mrs. Jones, her blooming daughter Nabby, and her three younger daughters, all busily preparing 'good things' for tea. He was soon aware that he had arrived at an unlucky moment, for he was not welcomed by Mrs. Jones with her accustomed cordiality. And from Nabby's appearance, being tricked out in all her Sunday finery, it was plain that some more important person or persons were expected to partake with them their evening meal. However, he seated himself, and began to joke with Nabby on her looks: 'I swear now, Nabby, you look right-down handsome. You are a beauty, Nabby—there's no two ways about it—I don't believe the President ever had such a pretty little gal for his wife in all his life.'

Although Nabby giggled a little, she did not seem particularly flattered by these complimentary remarks—but her face beamed with a most bewitching smile when the noise of a carriage was heard, and Simon Thompson in a dashing gig, drove into the yard.

'Heigho!' sighed Jonathan, 'I see how the cat jumps. If I had only been a week or two sooner, there might have been some chance. However, I won't quit the house till I've popped the question—if I do, I'll be darned—and if I get the bag, 'twont kill me.'

Simon Thompson was received by the ladies in their kindest manner, but poor Jonathan was treated with killing coldness, which made him feel rather queer. But he bravely resolved to bring the matter to issue; and accordingly when Nabby left the room to attend to some household duties, Jonathan rose, and much to the surprise of all, and to the great annoyance of Simon, followed her to another apartment.

'Nabby,' said Jonathan, 'I've been thinking about taking a wife. Mother's got so tarnation cross, that I can't live so no longer—and there's no gal in all these parts that I like half so well as I do you; and if you'll have me, don't stand shilly shally about it, but say so at once—and I don't believe that you'll ever have cause to repent it.'

Nabby blushed to the eyes—'Mr. Brown,' she stammered out, after biting her thumb nails for a few moments, 'I am much obliged to you for your good opinion—but I fear that it is out of my power to contribute to your happiness. I hope you'll find a partner more deserving than poor Nabby Jones. At any rate, you can't marry me, for I am—already—engaged!'

'Where!' whistled Jonathan—'But there now, I thought so. You are going to marry that young dandy in t'other room. Well, I don't believe he'll make you half so good a husband as I should—but if you like him better, I'll say no more about it. I've a dreadful good mind to lick him though. Good bye, Nabby.'

'Well,' said Jonathan, as he trudged slowly along the road which led to the venerable mansion of Gen. Tompkins, 'the game is up!—but who would believe that such a cute and slick gal as Nabby Jones would throw herself away upon that sneaking puppy, Simon Thompson! Never mind—there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught; and 'tis hard if I can't toll one in my net.' As he made this consoling reflection, he found himself standing on the door-steps of General Tompkins's house.

Jonathan cast rather a suspicious glance upon the

well-polished brass knocker, which had been affixed to the General's door since Nancy's return from Boston: 'That's as much as to say,' quoth he to himself, 'that no one should enter here without knocking.'

He lifted the knocker and gave a thundering rap. A little girl came to the door. 'Is your sister Nancy at home, Hannah?'

'I don't know for sartin! but I'll see.'

'Strange!' thought Jonathan, that she should not know whether her sister's at home or not.

'Nancy!' screamed the little girl, on opening the parlor door, in a key so loud that Jonathan heard every word. 'Mr. Jonathan Brown is at the door, and asks for you. Shall I tell him you're at home?'

'I suppose you must let the booby in,' answered the accomplished young lady—'I wonder what is his business with me.'

'He's dressed up in his Sunday clothes, and perhaps he has come a sparking!'

'Booby!' muttered Jonathan to himself. 'But if ever I get Madam under my thumb, I'll make her change her tone, I guess.'

Our hero entered the room. The accomplished young lady laid down the last new novel, and received him in the most approved fashionable style. 'Too much formality by half,' thought Jonathan; 'but never mind, she's tarnation pretty.'

Our 'booby' was at first a little abashed, but as he was playing a desperate game, he screwed his courage up to the sticking point and conversed with as much ease and elegance as could be expected. Nancy, with true female adroitness, turned the conversation into a channel which she thought would exhibit her wonderful accomplishments to the best advantage. She talked long and learnedly of poetry and music, but could scarcely conceal her contempt when her lovelorn swain honestly declared that his favorite tunes were *Wells and Old Hundred*, and that the only poem he had ever read in his life, was a fourth of July oration!

At length Hannah left the room, and Jonathan, with a degree of trepidation which may easily be conceived, broke the ice: 'Nancy, I 'spose you can guess what I came here for this evening. The long and the short of the matter is this—mother is growing old and feeble, and isn't quite so cute at milking and making butter and cheese, and doing other odd chores about the house, as she used to be, and I have come to the resolution of getting married before winter sets in. Now, Nancy, I want a good, smart, handsome wife. Every body says you are a plaguey pretty gal, and I know you were a real smart one before you went to Boston two years ago; and so, if you will have me, say so at once, and there's my hand—the hand of a true New England farmer.'

It is impossible to describe the indignation and scorn which shone in the black eyes of the lovely Nancy Tompkins, at this unceremonious proposal. She looked at him for a moment in silence, as if trying to annihilate the presumptuous youth with a frown. At length her feelings found vent in words.

'Mr. Brown!' said she, 'I am almost struck speechless with astonishment at your presumption in supposing that Nancy Tompkins is to be wooed and won by any man in this abrupt, off-hand manner. A long series of attentions of the most tender and delicate nature alone would induce me to exchange my present state of celibacy, for the joys and sorrows, and blisses and disquietudes of a wedded life. And furthermore, the youth who will be fortunate enough to gain my virgin affections, must be well educated, Mr. Brown. He must be well acquainted with the Waverley novels, Mr. Brown. He must write poetry, and be able to appreciate my performance on the piano, Mr. Brown. And he must love me ardently and devotedly, and be able to support me in a style of gentility, to which you, or your humdrum connexions, have never been accustomed, Mr. Brown. And as for milking your dirty cows, or making your filthy butter and cheese, I would have you to know that I consider such things beneath me, Mr. Brown. You are mistaken in your estimation of my character, sir. Or do you fancy yourself the Grand Signori, who has only to nod to be obeyed? Your impertinence, sir, is unparalleled; and I am absolutely struck dumb with amazement!'

Poor Jonathan was thunderstruck at the temper which the lovely fair one displayed in this speech, and the volubility with which it was delivered. At the first pause, he seized his hat, and left the house without uttering a word.

'Mistaken, sure enough!' said Jonathan to himself, as he retreated from the entry, and turned down a lane which led to Captain Pipkin's farm house: 'What a tongue the jade has—and what a lucky escape from death!—for if I should marry her, I should not live six weeks—she would scold me to death in short metre!'

He found Peggy Pipkin looking as blooming as a rose. She seemed delighted to see Mr. Brown—and the old folks took the hint, and went to bed in good

season. Jonathan hitched his chair nearer and nearer, and he and the fair Peggy were soon on the best terms in the world.

'Peggy,' said he, 'you're a tarnation pretty gal. I swear now if you an't a real beauty. I should like to have you—I'll be darned if I shouldn't!'

'Now, Mr. Brown, don't be talking so foolish,—you make me blush to hear you.'

'I declare, Peggy, I'm serious. Them pretty, rosy lips were made on purpose to be kiss'd—and I'll be darn'd if I don't have a buss.'

'Come, none of that, Mr. Brown. I never let the fellers come so near me as that. Keep your distance, I tell you. If you go to be rude, Mr. Brown, I'll hol—'

'Don't be vex'd, Peggy. You're so pretty I believe I must have one buss—I swear I will.'

Here a struggle commenced: 'Jonathan, you mustn't act so—an't you ashamed of yourself—Let me alone—I declare now, I'll hollow!—I will—I certainly will!'—murmured the coy maiden, almost out of breath.

Jonathan being a novice in love affairs, was somewhat alarmed at these reiterated threats, and thought he had gone too far. Not caring to alarm the family merely for a kiss, he was about to relinquish the attack, when her brother Tom, who occupied a bed in an adjoining room, and had been quietly listening to the interesting discussion between the lovers, bawled out. 'Don't mind what she says, Mr. Brown. She always says she'll hollow—but she never does.'

This was a damper. Peggy blushed a deeper scarlet; and Jonathan, whose passion was suddenly extinguished by this interesting piece of information, sprang from the lovely Peggy's side, and with a cool 'good night, Miss Pipkin,' left the house.

'So then,' soliloquized the youth, as he wended his way towards the snug cottage where Sally Johnson lived, 'the stories that I heard told about that gal are true as gospel arter all. But who'd have thought it—and she looked so plaguey pretty too.'

It was nearly half past nine o'clock when our hero reached Mr. Johnson's door. He entered without knocking, perceiving a light in the kitchen, and found no one but Sally, who was very busily engaged in knitting by the fire-side. Sally seemed astonished to behold Jonathan Brown at that time in the evening, but rose immediately, and reached him a chair.

'My father, Mr. Brown,' said she, 'has just gone to bed; but if your business is urgent, I'll call him,'—and she moved towards the door.

'Stop, Sally,' exclaimed Jonathan, 'my business is urgent, I confess; but it isn't exactly with your father. I didn't come all the way here in this late hour to chat with him I guess. I came here to see you!'

'To see me? Bless me, Mr. Brown, what can you want with me at this time of night?'

'Sit down here, Sally, and I'll tell you all about it.' Sally sat down. Jonathan drew his chair towards her, and hemmed two or three times to clear his throat or concentrate his ideas, I never could learn precisely which; and Sally looked up in his face with expectation depicted on her intelligent and not unhandsome countenance.

'You know how lonely like I live down in yonder big house, Sally.'

'Lonely?—how can you say so, Mr. Brown, when your mother and a dear little sister lives with you.'

'That's true,' continued Jonathan, '—but a mother is not always just such a companion as I like. Besides, winter's coming on, and—somehow—I'm afraid I shall—sleep a cold—these long winter nights.'

'Sleep a cold! La, Mr. Brown, what's all that to me?'

'Why, Sally, if you must know, I've taken a kind of fancy to you, and believe that you would make me a right down good sort of a wife.'

'Me, Mr. Brown! What for pity's sake made you think of me?' exclaimed the not offended fair one, 'when there are so many prettier gals, who may be had for the asking.'

'Why, Sally, I always know'd you to be a clever industrious gal—and as to beauty, by jingo, I believe you are as pretty as any of them. Besides, I've found out that all is not gold that glitters. So tell me, Sally, whether you'll have me or no.'

'I do declare, Jonathan Brown, I won't tell you a word about it to night. This is a fine way to come a courting, and pop the question almost at first sight. I don't know whether I'll have you or no.'

'Well, Sally, perhaps I'm rather too abrupt—but I'm a pretty blunt sort of a feller, and can't stop when my mind's made up, to let slip such an opportunity of declaring it. Besides, as I told you before, the long winter evenings are coming on, and arter we're married, we can set up together and court every night in the week if we like.'

'That's true, Jonathan, I didn't think of that. Well then, I guess I'll try to make up my mind to have you.'

'That's my own dear Sally!—Hurrah! I've got a

wife at last! Now let's seal the contract. So saying, he planted a hearty kiss upon her ruby lips.

They were married a few weeks after this eventful evening, and Sally made Jonathan an excellent house-keeper and an affectionate wife. Whether he defrauded her of her due of being courted during the long winter evenings, history does not record.—*Exeter News Letter*.

THE DRAMA.

PARK.—On Monday evening, Mr. and Miss Kemble appeared as *Eucander* and *Euphrasia*, in Murphy's tragedy of "The Grecian Daughter;" and highly as we are disposed to think of the performances of these accomplished strangers, we cannot but express our increased admiration of the talent exhibited in this performance. The prison scene was finely played, and the action of Miss Kemble after she had slain the tyrant, was warmly applauded. Mr. Richings is entitled to every commendation for his performance of *Philotas*—and the remaining characters were well cast.

Miss Hughes' Benefit on Wednesday evening drew a fashionable and crowded audience. We trust that was not the last appearance of Miss H. in this city.

Mr. Horn, we learn, is busily engaged in "getting up" *Il Flauto Magico*, in which opera he will sustain the character of the Magician. The part of the Prince is in the hands of Mr. Jones. Mrs. Austin is the "Donna;" while Placide and Mrs. Sharpe are to represent the "bird-catcher and his wife." The scenery and costume, we are informed, is superior to anything yet presented.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

Pulling Noses.—A lodging-house keeper, named Isaacs, was indicted for wringing Mrs. Jones, who is also a lodging-house keeper, most cruelly by the nose. The case excited a great deal of laughter.

The prosecutrix, who is a Welchwoman, said,—As I was standing at my door, Isaacs stood at his, just opposite, and said, "How would you like to have the nose wringed out of your face? I'll pull it for you." "No," says I, "I hope you won't do no such thing." "Oh, yes," says he, "I will," and he pulled it strong, sure enough. (A laugh.) So I went in, for my nose pained me. I never spitted in his face afore he wringed me nor ater.

The prosecutrix's daughter—I see'd the thing done. Mother creeked when he tugged her nose. It must have hurt her, and she was greatly flurried. He throwed her into the street as well, and he was quite terrific. (Laughter.)

Counsel for the prisoner—Isn't a poor cripple unable to knock any body about?

Witness—Boh! nonsense! He a cripple? Why, man, he jumped about like a lamb. (Laughter.) Neither mother nor me spitted in his eye. I was close to her all the time, and she shook most violent.

A watchman—Please you, my Lord, I was a walking down the street, a doing of my duty, when I sees Mr. Isaacs catch the nose and give it a good round about twist. He did wring it indeed!

Counsel for the prisoner—How could you see it when you were not on the spot at the time? How could I? Why, if that ere gentleman (pointing to Mr. Adolphus) wringed you by the nose, wouldn't I see it? (Great laughter.)

The Counsel for the prisoner said he could prove that the lady gave the first offence, by spitting in his client's face.

Watchman—Spit in his face! She didn't spit in nobody's face.

The Counsel for the prisoner made an ingenious defence, and took occasion to compliment the Jury on the occasion: "Gentlemen," said he, "is it at all probable that a man should so flagrantly insult a woman without having been provoked to it by gross conduct on her part. Is it the natural disposition of man to insult a respectable-looking woman? Would any one of you do it, Gentlemen?" (Loud laughter.)

Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins—I saw Mrs. Jones spit in the defendant's face, and say to him, 'Go in, you poor cripple, go home to your wife.'

Counsel for the prosecution—What! Didn't you see the lady's nose pulled?

No, I see nobody's nose pulled. I'm sure I didn't see Mr. Isaacs pull no nose.

The Jury told the Recorder that they would save him the trouble of summing up. The matter was as clear as possible. They then pronounced a verdict of guilty; and one of the Jury said they considered it a very gross assault.

A valuable lodger.—Mrs. Mary McCarty, a four feet square Irishwoman, with a face like a red potato, was introduced to the Magistrate by her landlady, Mrs. Ellen Maloney, whose rubicon nose belokened an intimate acquaintance with a "drop of the crater," for having broken eleven panes of glass, and for sending a pint pot bang at her head, when she put it out of the window to see what was the matter.

"I'll be on my oath," said Mrs. Maloney, "that Mistress McCarty's the very devil himself, for didn't she take the poker to me when I axed her for my rint? And didn't she offer to bate me and Dennis, me husband, becase I whident lend her me bellows? which she borry'd of me once afore, and kept a whole wake."

"Don't be after taking a false oath, Mrs. Maloney," vociferated Mrs. McCarty. "I'm a poor lone woman, please your wercship, and I gets my living wid a wheelbarrow and a little bit o' frute. Divil a wad did I spake to Mrs. Maloney till she locked me out of me own room, which I pay 18d. a week rint for."

"Sorrow a halfpenny of rint did I get of ye," Mrs. McCarty, said Mrs. Maloney, "barring an ould flannel petticoat, that dropped to pieces wid the first wash."

"But," said the Magistrate to Mrs. McCarty, "how came you to break so many windows?"

"I did it in my own defence, please yer wercship," said Mrs. McCarty, curtseying.

"Well, then," said the Magistrate, "I must fine you 12s. or send you to prison for fifteen days."

"D'ye year that, Mistress Maloney?" said Mrs. McCarty, in a rage. "What will I do with me five fatherless children? Och, the cholera morbus 'll catch you for that same."

The Magistrate directed the children to be taken care of in the workhouse till the term of their mother's imprisonment had expired.

MAUSOLEUM OF IMAUM REZA AT MUSHED, PERSIA.

This magnificent cluster of domes and minarets is situated in the centre of the city; to them all the roads lead, and to them the gaze of all approaching travellers, from the greatest possible distance, is attracted.

The first thing that strikes the eye on arriving at this point is a noble oblong square, enclosing an area of about 160 yards long, by 75 broad, built in the manner of a caravanserai having two stories of apartments all around, which open in front into a handsome areaded gallery. In the centre of each side and end there is a magnificent and very lofty gateway, and the whole is completely incrustured with mosaic-work of tiles, painted and glazed, and arranged in figures of the most tasteful patterns and colours. This superb square is called by the natives the *Sahn*. The area of this court is flagged with grave-stones, which form almost a continuous, though not a very smooth pavement, under which lie interred the remains of the noblest Persians, whose bodies have been brought hither from all parts of the country, to rest under the protection of their favourite saint. In the centre there is a building called *Succah-Khaneh*, or water-house, highly ornamented with gilding, and surrounded by small aqueducts, filled from the dirty stream of the canal that runs thro' the principal street. These are for the purpose of ablution. The gateways at either end, which contain wickets for the purposes of entrance and exit, form magnificent specimens of this style of eastern architecture; but no description unaccompanied with a minute drawing, can convey a just idea of them.

Of the mausoleum itself, little is seen externally except the dome, which is covered with a coating of gilded tiles, relieved in some places round the neck with bands of azure blue, bearing Arabic inscriptions in gold letters; but the most striking ornaments are, I think, two minarets of a very beautiful model; one of which springs from a part of the mausoleum itself; the other from behind the opposite gateway; each of these is adorned near the top with a handsome carved gallery of wood, which with the greater part of its shaft is richly gilt.

A silver gate, the gift of Nadir Shah, admits the devotee into a passage that leads to the centre and chief apartment, beneath the gilded cupola. This is of magnificent dimensions, rising loftily into a fine dome, like the centre nave of a cathedral, and branching out below into the form of a cross; the whole is highly ornamented with tiles of the richest colours, profuse of azure and gold, disposed in the most tasteful manner into garlands and devices of flowers, mingled with texts from the Koran. From the centre depended a huge branched candlestick of solid silver.

A doorway in the arch to the northwest, gives entrance into an octagonal room with a fine dome, which with the walls and floor, are ornamented as richly as the first; the latter being partially covered with a fine carpet; the sacred shrine in which reposes the dust of Imaum Reza, and that of Caliph Haroon al-Rasheed, the father of his murderer, occupies the southwestern part of the room; it is surrounded by a massy grating of fine wrought steel, within which there is an incomplete rail of solid gold, and other glittering objects, which, with the uncertain light, prevent the possibility of distinguishing what might be thus enclosed.

At the northeastern end, there is a door to the shrine covered with gold, and set with jewels, richer in appearance than in reality, the gift of the present king; several plates of silver engraved with writing in the Arabic character depended from the grating, and there were many glittering

and showy things besides, but the dim religious light, and the shortness of my visit, with the dangerous circumstances under which it was made, prevented me from ascertaining further particulars.

From the archway to the southwest, in the great central chamber, a broad passage leads through the mausoleum to a court which belongs to a mosque, by far the most beautiful and magnificent I have seen in Persia, and which owes its origin to Gaher Shahind, the wife of Shah Rokh, son of the Great Timoor; it has but one dome, and one archway, which rises to a great height, in a noble screen that conceals the neck of the dome.

Both sides of the area are formed of buildings like those of the *Sahn*, having two stories of niches or compartments; it is rudely paved with flag stones, and in the centre there is a small tank, which with several jars in different corners, is kept full of water for the purposes of ablution, or quenching thirst. The whole forms a very magnificent court.—*Frazer's Travels to Khorasan*.

To —

I love you, lady Mary, dearly,
I've told you so a thousand times,
In all my notes 'twas hinted clearly,
And said expressly in my rhymes.
I think your voice is very sweet,
I think your eyes are very blue,
You have the dearest little feet,
And you've a winning way with you.
But, do you know, sweet lady Mary,
You're very, very visionary?
Oh yes! for you're in love with me!
I'm very glad of it, I'm sure,
But then you are not rich, you see,
And I—you know—I'm very poor.
'Tis true that I can drive a tandem,
'Tis true that I can turn a sonnet,
'Tis true I leave the law at random,
When I should study, (plague upon it.)
I waltz (you told me so) divinely,
I know the color for a glove,
I think I flatter (don't I?) finely,
And I'm the deuce at making love;
But this is not (excuse me) money,
(A thing they give for house and land,)
And we must eat in matrimony,
And love is neither bread nor honey,
And so—you understand!

Having copied the article alluded to below, justice requires that the explanation should also be furnished. It is taken from Poulson's Gazette, of Philadelphia.

LOTTERY CHANCES.—Under this head appears an article in the Daily Advertiser of yesterday, which gives very erroneous information. It states that 2327 chances in the lottery, produced prizes less than twenty dollars in the whole amount.

It is evident that the writer of the article in question does not deal in lotteries himself, otherwise he would know that they are so arranged, that every package of twenty tickets must of necessity draw nine prizes—either high or low prizes.

The solution of the difficulty above alluded to is this—the 2327 chances or tickets were the blanks which remained, after selecting the prizes from the whole number of tickets purchased. In a close and careful scrutiny of these blanks, a few small prizes were discovered among them, amounting to less than twenty dollars. These had been overlooked in the previous examination.

As an act of bare justice, the insertion of this correction is requested. It is hardly possible that any community can be so credulous as to admit the truth of such extravagant statements as the above. The "interesting pamphlet" from which it was taken, abounds with errors of facts.

Alderman Robert Waithman, M.P. died on Wednesday morning, at his late residence in Woburn place, Russell square. The worthy Alderman, who had attained his 69th year, being born in 1761, of humble parentage, at Wrexham, in North Wales. Becoming an orphan when only four months old, he was placed at the school of a Mr. Moore, by his uncle, on whose death, about 1778, he obtained a situation at Reading, in Berkshire, whence he proceeded to London, and entered into the service of a respectable linen-draper, with whom he continued until he became of age; he then entered into business, at the south end of Fleet-market, whence, some years after, he removed to the corner of New Bridge street. He appears to have commenced his political career in 1794, when he brought forward a series of resolutions, at a Common Hall, animadverting upon the war with revolutionised France, and enforcing the necessity of a reform in Parliament. In 1818, after having been defeated on several previous occasions, he obtained his election as one of the Representatives of the City of London; and, shortly afterwards, upon the death of Sir Charles Price, became Alderman of Farringdon Without. On the 25th of January, 1819, he made his maiden speech in Parliament, on the presentation of a petition, praying for a revision of the criminal code, the existing state of which he severely censured. In October, 1823, he was chosen Lord Mayor; and, in July, 1826, again become one of the City Members. Alderman Waith-

man is said to have made a considerable fortune by his business, from which he retired some years ago in favour of his sons. His wife, whom he married about the year 1786, died in 1827, since which he has lost one of his sons. The death of Alderman Waithman has caused a vacancy in the representation of the city, and in the ward of Farringdon. Mr. Lyall and Mr. Alderman Venables have already started as candidates for the representation. Mr. John Irving, of the firm of Reid, Irving, and Co., and Mr. Lloyd, junr, the banker, have been also named. The following are mentioned as likely to become competitors for the aldermanic gown—Sir James Williams, Esq. Grose, Esq. M. P., Deputies Blackett and Tickner, Messrs. Richard Taylor, Rundell, Spottiswoode, and Harmer. Mr. R. Taylor has, we understand, received an invitation from a large body of the electors of the ward.—*London, pap.*

The newspapers announce the death of *John O'Keefe*, the celebrated dramatist, at his residence near Southampton. He had attained the unusual age of eighty-six; and, though in great retirement, had lived in competency during his later years. Sometime since, on a report that his circumstances were not so flourishing as might be desired, the committee of the Literary Fund voted and sent him a considerable sum; but it turned out that the rumour was erroneous; and O'Keefe sent back the donation, with a gratifying statement of his own comfortable situation, and a handsome acknowledgment of the intended kindness.

O'Keefe was a native of Dublin, and a Roman Catholic. He was educated by a learned Jesuit, father Austin; but took to the stage, and wrote a comedy at the age of fifteen. Coming to London he ceased to perform, but produced between thirty and forty dramas of every kind, we believe, except tragedy. We copy the following from the *Biographical Dictionary*: "In 1800, Mr. O'Keefe, being reduced by blindness and other misfortunes to a state of great embarrassment, obtained a benefit at Covent Garden theatre, and, at the end of the performance, he delivered a poetical address, in which humour and pathos were very happily blended."—*ib.*

NAVAL FORCE OF GREAT BRITAIN IN 1833.—*Admiral of the Fleet*.—Right Hon. James Lord Gambier, G. C. B.

Admirals.—Of the Red, 13; of the White, 16; of the Blue, 18. Total, 48.

Vice-Admirals.—Of the Red, 18; of the White, 20; of the Blue, 20. Total, 58.

Rear-Admirals.—Of the Red, 17; of the White, 20; of the Blue, 27. Total, 64.

Rear-Admirals on the retired half-pay, 33; Captains on the retired half-pay, 10.

Captains.—On full pay, 550; on the half-pay of 11s 6d per diem, 100; on the half-pay of 12s 6d per diem, 150. Total, 800.

Commanders.—On full pay, 734; on the half-pay of 10s 6d per diem, 150. Total, 884.

1816.—Retired under his Majesty's Order in Council, 99. 1830.—Retired under his Majesty's Order in Council, 182. Total, 281.

Lieutenants.—Poor Knights of Windsor, 7; on full pay, 2,393; on the half-pay of 7s per diem, 117; on the half-pay of 6s per diem, 700. Total, 3,210.

Masters.—Superannuated, 16; for service on full pay, 199; on the half-pay of 7s per diem, 100; on the half-pay of 6s per diem, 200. Total, 499.

Purser.—On full pay, 431; on the half-pay of 5s per diem, 100; on the half-pay of 4s per diem, 100. Total, 631.

Medical Officers.—Physicians, 12; Surgeons, 715; Assistant Surgeons, 324; Dispensers of Hospitals, 11; Hospital Mates, 3. Total, 1065.

The number of vessels at present composing the British navy amounts to 574, viz: Fourteen carry 120 guns; five, 110; three, 108; twelve, 84; ten, 80; nine, 78; six, 76; sixty-two, 74; seven, 52; fifteen, 50; sixty-two, 46; and twenty, 42. The remainder carry from 36 to 2 guns each. In this number are included 20 government steam vessels. This immense fleet employs 20,000 sailors, and 12,000 royal marines.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

Visit of the President of the U.S.—An invitation was lately addressed to the President by citizens of Hartford, Ct. to visit that section of the country, and in reply he intimated a desire and intention to do so if he found it in his power. We notice that in anticipation of such an event, the following resolutions were passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts a few days since.

"That his Excellency the Governor be, and he hereby is authorised and requested to tender to the President of the United States, if he shall visit this Commonwealth during the present year, the customary hospitalities, and the respectful congratulations of the State; and that a committee consisting of the President and five members of the Senate, and of the Speaker and six members of the House of Representatives, be appointed, who are hereby authorised to make all suitable arrangements in the name and behalf of the State, for the proper reception of the President of the United States, if his visit to this State shall occur before the next session of the General Court, and also, for the celebration of the next anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, if it shall be the pleasure of the President to be present at the Capitol of the State on that occasion."

PROFESSIONAL AGREEMENT.—When the registering barristers, under the Irish reform bill, met in Dublin to discuss their duties, the only point on which they could agree was, that they were obliged to wear wigs and gowns.

The panic was ten times more dreadful than before: the boat again was upset by the simultaneous endeavour to escape the danger; and the twenty-two sailors were again devoted to destruction. At first the sharks did not seem inclined to seize their prey, but swam in amongst the men, playing in the water, sometimes leaping about and rubbing against their victims. This was of short duration—a loud shriek from one of the men announced his sudden pain; a shark had seized him by the leg, and severed it entirely from the body. No sooner had the blood been tasted than the long-dreaded attack took place; another and another shriek proclaimed the loss of limbs; some were torn from the boat, to which they vainly endeavoured to cling—some, it was supposed, sunk from fear alone—all were in dreadful peril. Mr. Smith even now, when of all horrible deaths the most horrible seemed to await him, gave his orders with clearness and coolness; and to the everlasting honour of the poor departed crew he it known, they were obeyed: again the boat was righted, and again two men were in her. Incredible as it may appear, still, however, it is true, that the voice of the officer was heard amidst the danger; and the survivors actually, as before, clung to the gunwale, and kept the boat upright. Mr. Smith himself held by the stern, and cheered and applauded his men. The sharks had tasted the blood, and were not to be driven from their feast; in one short moment, when Mr. Smith ceased splashing, as he looked into the boat to watch the progress, a shark seized both his legs, and bit them off just above the knees. Human nature was not strong enough to bear the immense pain without a groan; but Smith endeavoured to conceal the misfortune; nature, true to herself, resisted the endeavour, and the groan was deep and audible. The crew had long respected their gallant commander: they knew his worth and his courage; on hearing him express his pain, and seeing him relinquish his hold to sink, two of the men grasped their dying officer, and placed him in the stern sheets. Even now, in almost insupportable agony, that gallant fellow forgot his own sufferings, and thought only on rescuing the remaining few from the untimely grave which awaited them; he told them again of their only hope, deplored their perilous state, and concluded with these words: "If any of you survive this fatal night, and return to Jamaica, tell the admiral (Sir Lawrence Hasted) that I was in search of the pirate when this unfortunate occurrence took place; tell him I hope I have always done my duty, and that I—". Here the endeavour of some of the men to get into the boat gave her a heel on one side; the men who were supporting poor Smith relinquished him for a moment, and he rolled overboard and was drowned. His last bubbling cry was soon lost amidst the shrieks of his former companions—he sunk to rise no more.

At eight o'clock in the evening the Maggie was upset; it was calculated by the two survivors, that their companions had all died by nine. The sharks seemed satisfied for the moment, and they, with gallant hearts, resolved to profit by the precious time in order to save themselves; they righted the boat, and one getting over the bows, and the other over the stern, they found themselves, although nearly exhausted, yet alive, and in comparative security; they began the work of baling, and soon lightened the boat sufficiently not to be easily upset, when both sat down to rest. The return of the sharks was the signal for their return to labour. The voracious monsters endeavoured to upset the boat; they swam by its side in seeming anxiety for their prey; but, after waiting some time, they separated—the two rescued seamen found themselves free from their insatiable enemies, and, by the blessing of God, saved. Tired as they were, they continued their labour until the boat was nearly dry, when both lay down to rest, the one forward, and the other aft; so completely had fear operated on their minds, that they did not dare even to move, dreading that an incautious step might again have capsize the boat. They soon, in spite of the horrors they had witnessed, fell into a sound sleep—and day had dawned before they awoke to horrible reflections, and apparently worse dangers. The sun rose clear and unclouded, the cool calm of the night was followed by the sultry calm of the morning; and heat and hunger, thirst, and fatigue, seemed to settle on the unfortunate men, rescued by Providence and their own exertions from the jaws of a horrible death. They awoke and looked at each other—the very gaze of despair was appalling: far as the eye could reach, no object could be discerned; the bright haze of the morning added to the strong refraction of light; one smooth interminable plain, one endless ocean, one cloudless sky, and one burning sun, were all they had to gaze upon. The boat lay like the ark, in a world alone! They had no oar, no mast, no sail—nothing but the bare planks and themselves, without provisions or water, food or raiment. They lay upon the calm ocean, hopeless, friendless, miserable. It was a time of intense anxiety; their eyes rested upon each other in silent pity, not unmixed with fear. Each knew the dreadful alternative to which nature would urge them. The cannibal was already in their looks, and fearful would have been the first attack on either side, for they were both brave and stout men, and equals in strength and courage.

It was now about half-past six in the morning; the sun was beginning to prove its burning power, the sea was as smooth as a looking-glass; and, saving now and then, the slight cat's-paw of air, which ruffled the face of the water for a few yards, all was calm and hushed. In vain they strained their eyes—in vain they turned from side to side to escape the burning rays of the sun; they could not sleep, for now anxiety and fear kept both vigilant and on their guard; they

dared not to court sleep, for that might have been the last of mortal repose. Once they nearly quarrelled, but fortunately the better feelings of humanity overcame the bitterness of despair. The foremost man had long complained of thirst, and had frequently dipped his hand into the water, and sucked the fluid: this was hastily done, for all the horrors of the night were still before them, and not unfrequently the sharp fin of a shark was seen not very far from the boat. In the midst of the excruciating torments of thirst, heightened by the salt water, and the irritable temper of the bowman, as he stamped his impatient foot against the bottom boards, and tore his hair with unfeeling indifference, he suddenly stopped the expression of his rage, and called out—"A sail!"

Whilst they stood watching in silence the approach of the brig, which slowly made her way through the water,—and at the very instant that they were assuring each other that they were seen, and that the vessel was purposely steered on the course she was keeping to reach them,—the whole fabric of hope was destroyed in a second; the brig kept away about three points, and began to make more sail. Then was it an awful moment: their countenances saddened as they looked at each other; for in vain they hailed—in vain they threw their jackets in the air—it was evident they had never been seen, and that the brig was steering her proper course.

The time was slipping away, and if once they got abaft the beam of the brig, every second would lessen the chance of being seen; besides, the sea-breeze might come down, and then she would be far away, and beyond all hope in a quarter of an hour. Now was it, that the man who had been so loudly lamenting his fate seemed suddenly inspired with fresh hope and courage; he looked attentively at the brig, then at his companion, and said—"By Heaven, I'll do it, or we are lost! 'Do what?' said his shipmate. 'Though,' said the first man, 'it is no trifle to do, after what we have seen and known; yet I will try, for if she passes us, what can we do? I tell you, Jack, I'll swim to her; if I get safe to her, you are saved; if not, why I shall die without adding, perhaps, murder to my crimes.' 'What! jump overboard, and leave me all alone!' replied his companion: 'Look, look at that shark, which has followed us all night—why it is only waiting for you to get into the water to swallow you, as it did perhaps half of our messmates;—no, no—wait, do wait; perhaps another vessel may come; besides, I cannot swim half the distance, and I should be afraid to remain behind; think, Tom—only think of the sharks, and of last night.' * * * He jumped overboard with as much calmness as if he was bathing in security; no sooner had he begun to strike out in the direction he intended, than his companion turned towards the sharks. The fins had disappeared, and it was evident they had heard the splash, and would soon follow their prey. It is hard to say who suffered the most anxiety. The one left in the boat cheered his companion, looked at the brig, and kept waving his jacket—then turned to watch the sharks; his horror may be imagined, when he saw three of these terrific monsters swim past the boat, exactly in the direction of his companion: he splashed his jacket in the water to scare them away, but they seemed quite aware of the impotency of the attack, and lazily pursued their course. The man swam well and strongly. There was no doubt he would pass within hail of the brig, provided the sharks did not interfere; and he, knowing that they would not be long in following him, kept kicking the water, and splashing as he swam. There is no fish more cowardly, and yet more desperately savage, than a shark. I have seen one harpooned twice, with a hook in its jaws, and come again to a fresh bait: yet will they suffer themselves to be scared by the smallest noise, and hardly ever take their prey without it is quite still. Generally speaking, any place surrounded by rocks where the surf breaks, although there may be a passage for a ship, will be secure from sharks. It was not until a great distance had been accomplished, that the swimmer became apprised of his danger, and saw by his side one of the terrific creatures: still, however, he bravely swam and kicked; his mind was made up for the worst, and he had little hope of success. In the meantime the breeze had gradually freshened, and the brig passed with greater velocity through the water; every stitch of canvass was spread. To the poor swimmer the sails seemed bursting with the breeze; and as he used his utmost endeavor to propel himself, so as to cut off the vessel, the spray appeared to dash from the bow, and the brig to fly through the sea. He was now close enough to hope his voice might be heard; but he hailed and hailed in vain—not a soul was to be seen on deck; the man who steered was too intent upon his avocation to listen to the call of mercy. The brig passed, and the swimmer was every second getting farther in the distance; every hope was gone, not a ray of that bright divinity remained: the fatigue had nearly exhausted him, and the sharks only waited for the first quiet moment to swallow their victim. It was in vain he thought of returning towards the boat, for he never could have reached her, and his companion had no means of assisting him. In the act of offering up his last prayer ere he made up his mind to float and be eaten, he saw a man look over the quarter of the brig: he raised both his hands; he jumped himself up in the water, and, by the singularity of his motions, fortunately attracted notice. A telescope soon made clear the object: the brig was hove to, a boat sent, and the man saved. The attention of the crew was then awakened to the Maggie's boat: she was soon alongside; and thus, through the bold exertions of gallant a fellow as ever breathed, both were rescued from their perilous situation."

COMETS & CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

"Extracts of parts of Mons. Arago's cheerful and scientific notice on the subject of comets have appeared in various periodicals in this country, and we are now indebted to Col. Gold for a translation of this useful memoir in a complete form, written originally for the purpose of restoring tranquillity to the public mind in France during the comet-panic of 1822, and published by order of the government."

The name of the distinguished philosopher, Arago, is a sufficient pledge that the statements he ventures upon are worthy of the attention of the scientific, and of sufficient weight to dissipate the groundless apprehensions of those who consider comets as messengers of terror and destruction—as agents of pestilence and other calamities; while the lively and popular manner in which he has treated his subject, renders the treatise delightful and accessible to the understanding of every one.

The work itself is filled with sound reasonings on the subject of comets in their supposed influence on our terrestrial habitation, particularly referring to the comet of Biela, that terrific monster of 1832, which every body saw last autumn, or thought they saw; which actually came, crossed the earth's orbit as predicted, and glided away without dignifying to gratify the wondering eye of the many, and favouring only a few—a very few, with feeble glimpses of its dim, misty light. It is now retreating from the sun, without at all interfering with our earth, will attain its aphelion in 1836, and again revisit this part of the system in 1839; we may therefore safely repose under the assurance, that our planet for some time to come will escape being shattered to atoms by this comet. But, "Is it possible for a comet to produce a concussion of the earth, or of any other planet?"

"By virtue of first causes," says M. Arago, "whose natures are unknown to us, and which have given rise to many theories of the creation, more or less plausible, the planets of our system perform their revolutions round the sun in orbits almost circular. The comets, on the contrary, travel in paths of extremely elongated ellipses, and they move in all imaginable directions. In returning from their points of aphelion, they constantly traverse our solar system; they penetrate within the interior of the planetary orbits, often they even pass between Mercury and the sun. It is not then impossible that a comet may come in contact with the earth. After having acknowledged the possibility of such a shock, we hasten to say that the probability of such an event is extremely small. This will appear evident at the first glance, if we compare the immense space in which our globe and the comets move with the small capacities of those bodies. Mathematical calculations go yet much further; as soon as a determinate hypothesis is formed of the comparative diameters of the earth and comet, a numerical estimate affords the probability of the question. Let us suppose a comet, of which we only know that at its perihelion it is nearer the sun than we are, and that its diameter is one-fourth of that of the earth. The calculation of probabilities shews that, of 281,000,000 of chances, there is only one unfavourable—there exists but one which can produce a collision between the two bodies. Without endangering the tranquillity of mind which the above number ought to give to the most timid persons, I can say that if, in calculating the probability of the collision of the earth and the nucleus of a comet, we have taken the supposed estimate of the comet's diameter at one-fourth of that of the earth, we have much underrated it; that the chances of their meeting, according to the calculation, will be much too low, in the case where the question would be not of the nucleus, properly so defined, but of the nebulousity which covers it on all parts. If, then, the number be taken at ten times the preceding, the result certainly will not be exaggerated. Just ideas on the calculation of probabilities are as yet so little known, and the public sometimes mistake in so strange a manner as to the numerical results to which the computations lead, that I felt disposed, at one time, to suppress this short chapter. I could have done so with less scruple; for as to what regards the comet of 1832, the considerations of probability are quite superfluous; for the orbit is known, and we can tell with certainty what will be, during the future apparition, its least distance from the earth. The problem, it should be understood, was quite different in the calculations of which I have stated the results. There we wanted to determine, without any information as to the form and position of the comet's orbit, to how many chances of collision the earth was exposed. In this manner we have found, as to the nucleus properly so called, once chance of collision, one woful chance to 280,999,999 favourable chances. As for the nebulousity, in its most habitual dimensions, the unfavourable chances will be from 10 to 20 in the same number of 281,000,000. Admitting, then, for a moment, that the comets which may strike the earth with their nucleus would annihilate the whole human race; then the danger of death to each individual, resulting from the appearance of an unknown comet, would be exactly equal to the risk he would run, if in an urn there was only one single white ball, of a total number of 281,000,000 balls; and that his condemnation to death would be the inevitable consequence of the white ball being produced at the first drawing. Every man who is willing to make use of his reason, however he may be attached to life, will laugh at so small a danger. Well, then, the day on which a comet is announced, before observations have been made on it—before it has been possible to determine its path, then is there, for each inhabitant of our globe, the chance of the white ball from the urn of which I have just spoken."

As the year 1835 approaches, we venture to pre-

dict that the public curiosity will be powerfully directed to the return of the comet of 1759—the Halley comet; a much finer one than that of Biela, and also a safe one.

"No further doubt being entertained as to the periodicity of the comet of 1759, it has been necessary to calculate the date of its approaching return. M. Damoiseau, of the Bureau of Longitude, has not finished from immense work; he has advanced the approximations much further than his predecessor, and, moreover, he has taken into account the perturbing influence of the planet Uranus, the existence of which was unknown in Clairaut's time. Here follows the result at which our associate has arrived. "The interval between the passage of the comet of 1759, at its perihelion, and its approaching passage to that point, will be 28,007 days, which, reckoning from the 12th of March, 1759, the commencement of that period, answers to the 16th of November, 1835.* Thus, in the middle of November, 1835, we shall see reappear, near the sun, the first comet whose periodicity was established; the comet which in 1456, accompanied by a tail of 60° in length, excited so much consternation in Europe, either on account of its vivid brightness, or above all, because the public, still enslaved by astrological superstitions, believed its apparition to be connected with the most serious event of that age, the menacing success of the Mahomedan armies."

The inquiry, whether the dry fogs of 1783 and of 1831 were occasioned by the tail of a comet, gives rise to a very interesting discussion, and records some singular facts:

"The extraordinary fog of 1831, which so greatly excited public attention in the four quarters of the globe, resembled that of 1783 in too many circumstances, to allow me to omit proving that its origin must not be sought for in a comet's tail. This fog was for the first time remarked—

On the African coast	2d of August.
At Odessa	9th
In the South of France	10th
At Paris	10th
In the United States (N. York)	15th

Nothing evidently can be deduced from these observations, relating either to the rapidity, or even to the way of its propagation. The fog in question weakened the light which traversed it to such a degree, that during the whole day the sun might be looked at by the naked eye without a darkened or a coloured glass, or any of the precautions resorted to by astronomers to secure their sight. On the coast of Africa the sun was not visible until it had exceeded a height of 15 or 20 degrees above the horizon. At night the sky sometimes became clear, and even the stars were visible. This last circumstance, so worthy of remark, I have received from M. Berard, one of the best-informed officers of the French navy. M. Rozet, captain on the staff at Algiers, the observer at Annapolis, in the United States, those of the south of France, saw the solar disc of an azure blue, a verditer, or emerald green colour. Theoretically speaking, it is doubtless not impossible that a gaseous substance—a vapour analogous in that respect to so many liquid or solid matters discovered by modern chemistry—should colour the white light passing it of a blue, green, or violet tinge; but, unto this time, there have been no well-established examples; and the imitations by clouds, or by fogs, had always partaken of more or less marked gradations of red or purple, that is, as to what generally characterise imperfect transparency. From this circumstance we may perhaps seem authorised to class the fog of 1831 amongst matters of a cosmical nature; but I think it should be remarked, that the unusual blue or green coloration of the sun's disc may not be real; that if the fogs of clouds near the sun were, as may be supposed, red by reflection, the direct weakened but colourless light of that orb, in its passage across the atmospheric vapours, could not, at least in appearance, avoid assuming the complementary tint to red, which is a blue more or less tinged with green. The phenomenon would thus of the class of accidental colours which so much occupies the attention of modern naturalists: it would be simply an effect of contrast. During the existence of this fog, there was not, properly speaking, any night at those places where the atmosphere appeared strongly impregnated with it. Thus, in the month of August, even at midnight, the smallest writing was legible in Siberia, at Berlin, at Genoa, &c. Twilight, under the most favourable circumstances, does not commence to dawn on the horizon until the moment when the sun's depression below that line does not exceed 18°. Then, at midnight the 3d of August, the day of the observation at Berlin, the sun was depressed more than 19°. The common twilight would not then exist there; and yet all the witnesses agree, they were able, in the open air, to read the smallest letter-press. If the fog reflected that light, it necessarily

* We are too near the reappearance of the comet of 1759 to neglect noticing, that this star, without any deviation in its progress from the route which the laws of universal gravity have assigned to it, has always been decreasing in intensity; so that we must not expect to review in 1835, either the *cometa horrende magnitudinis* of the year 1305, or that long tail which in 1456 extended over two-thirds of the interval between the horizon and the zenith, nor even a star as brilliant as the comet of 1682, with its tail of 30°. It appears that the comets, in describing their immense orbits, at each revolution dissiminate in space all the matter which, when near the perihelion, had been detached from the nebulousity, properly so called, to form the tail. It will then be possible that, in course of time, some of them will terminate by a complete wasting away, unless that by incessant traversing, and in various directions, through singular tracts detached from other comets, they may by degrees recover a quantity of matter sufficient nearly to compensate for their own losses."

occupied in the atmosphere, or beyond its limits, regions extremely elevated, but yet not so much so as would be deduced from the ordinary calculations of twilight—which calculations, in effect, are based on the hypothesis of a simple refraction; whilst it can be proved by recent experiments, of which it is not possible here to give an exact idea, that compound or multiplied reflections play the greatest part in all the phenomena of atmospheric illuminations. When it is agreed that the fogs shall be considered high enough to explain from them the existence of the strong nocturnal lights which were observed at Berlin, in Italy, &c., the red colour of that light, however intense it is supposed, and really had been, causes no further embarrassment to the naturalist, and I shall not be delayed by it. No circumstance among the preceding ones can lead us to suppose that the fog of 1831 was brought into our atmosphere by the tail of a comet. At that time, also, the phenomenon not having been general in Europe, having been perceived in certain parts but very slightly, as at Paris, and only for a few days, one cannot explain how the body of the star should have been concealed from all observations. This circumstance is sufficient to set aside the hypothesis altogether."

DEATHS.—The Gardiner Me. Intelligencer announces the death on 11th inst. of the veteran Com. Tucker, and says of him, that next to Lafayette, "he was the highest surviving officer of the Revolution, at the time of his death. Perhaps there was not a braver man in the whole service; or one who, to the extent of his command, had gained a greater number of severely earned victories than Com. T. His was the first written commission during the Revolution, and he was selected by Gen. Washington to convey Mr. John Adams, our first Minister to France. On his passage he escaped a 74 and two frigates which pursued him a long time almost within gunshot, and actually captured another British frigate of a superior force, whilst Mr. A. was on board. During his whole naval service, Com. T. captured 3,000 of the enemy and 600 British guns. Within a few weeks the Government had settled a pension of \$600 per year on the venerable Captain, but he has not been permitted to live to enjoy it."

To this we add the following tribute from the Boston Courier:

Commodore Samuel Tucker, of Bremen, (Maine,) whose death was recently announced in the papers of that State, and of whose adventures and character a somewhat extended memoir was copied into this paper from the New-England Magazine, about a year ago, was the last surviving commodore of the Revolution. That circumstance alone would seem to give his name and his memory some claim to notice; but the respect which this gallant veteran acquired from all his acquaintance, during his long life time of eighty-five years, and the regard with which his name will be mentioned hereafter in the history of the navy of his native land, have been and will be founded on no adventitious circumstances of rank or fortune. He was a Marblehead mariner, and the son, grandson, and brother of a numerous ancestry and kindred, whose lives were devoted exclusively to the same humble but most useful profession.

At about ten, the young sailor was, by some management or other, got on board a British frigate, where he learned all the tactics of his business. He continued his seafaring course in various situations until the revolution broke out, at which time he had acquired so brilliant a reputation for courage, energy and intelligence, that the eyes of all the friends of the infant navy were directed to him; and it was not long before Congress manifested the implicit confidence they placed in him by not only appointing him to the same rank with John Paul Jones, Hopkins, and others of our bravest men, but selected him for the express purpose of carrying out our first Minister to France, John Adams. Tucker acquitted himself in this important mission with signal spirit, and to the great satisfaction of his patrons.

It was on this occasion that he remained at the helm, while chased by a frigate of the enemy, seventy-two hours at one time, until nature absolutely sunk under the weight of fatigue and exhaustion. Tucker was a few days younger than Jones. He resembled that personage in many points. He was, like him, indefatigably energetic, composed yet ardent, sternly watchful in discipline, and enthusiastically fond of his profession. Other qualities he had which his comrade wanted, or which, at least, he did not share. A kinder heart than the Commodore's never beat in the bosom of man. He was as hospitable, as sociable, and as peaceable in private life, as he was restless, vehement and strict in the discharge of his official duties. Peace be to his manes, and let him

Sink in rest,
With all his country's honors blest.

Gen. William Wadsworth died at his residence in Genesee, Livingston County, on the 6th inst.—Gen. W. was one of the pioneers by whose industry and enterprise western New York has been converted from a "waving forest" into cities, villages, groves, and gardens. Gen. W. also gained distinction in the late war.

The Hon. Dominique Boudigny, late a Senator of the U.S. from the State of Louisiana, died at his residence in New Orleans on the morning of the 5th of this month.

The Newark N. J. Daily Advertiser has passed into the hands of Wm. B. Kinney, Esq. The Sentinel has been united with it. We congratulate the readers of those journals on the acquisition of Mr. K.

Temperance.—Exertions in behalf of this cause are constant and increasingly successful in almost every part of the Union; and we may add (although not in the most appropriate plan) in the contiguous British Provinces. We hear of several towns and villages in New-England where the merchants and traders have refused to deal in spirituous liquors, and we observed some months ago that the proprietor of the Worcester (Mass.) Spy, one of the oldest and most respectable papers of the State, gave notice that advertisements of such merchandise would no longer be inserted in that journal. We learn that a society has been formed in Wayne County, Ky., to prevent "treating" at elections. It is provided that "No member shall, at any time, or in any circumstances, vote for a candidate for office, who he believes endeavors, either directly or indirectly, to procure his election by the use of ardent spirits, in any way or manner whatever."

The Society has published an address on the purity of elections, quoting the following, from the Constitution of Kentucky:

"Every person shall be disqualified from serving as a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Senator or Representative, for the term for which he shall have been elected, who shall be convicted of having given or offered any bribe or treat to procure his election."—Art. 6, Sec. 3, Con. of Ky.

Interments in New York.—The City Inspector reports the death of 102 persons during the week ending on the 23d inst., viz: 30 men, 16 women, 31 boys, and 25 girls. Of these there died by consumption 31, by convulsions 11, dropsy in the head 6, peripneumony 7.

The health of Nashville is at present good. There have been no cases of cholera, so far as we can learn, for several days past, and there are no other prevailing malignant diseases. We hope the usual character of our town for uncommon healthfulness will be speedily restored.—Banner, Mar. 12th.

The Interments in Nashville for the month of Feb. 1833, were 10, and the deaths by cholera 24.

At the annual commencement of the Medical Department of the University of Maryland, on the 21st inst., the Degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon 54 gentlemen.

Benjamin F. Houston, of Maryland, received the premium for the best Latin thesis.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 25th, Dr. Charles Wilcoxson, to Miss Jane Brown.
On the 26th, Mr. Thomas Price, to Miss Eliza Taylor.
On the 28th, Mr. Benjamin S. Pier, to Miss M. Mooney.
On the 26th, Mr. Henry J. Clark, to Miss Catherine DeForest.
On the 28th, Mr. John Jay Marshall, (of the firm of Marshall & Sleigh) to Miss Maria E. Brown.
On the 28th, Mr. Henry Burchard, to Miss Sidney Serina Thayer.
On the 27th, Mr. J. J. Nestell, to Miss Jane Ann Elizabeth Schütz.
On the 28th, Mr. Wm. H. Van Kleeck, to Miss Susan M. Haught.
At Uxbridge, Mass., on the 21st, Mr. Samuel B. Halliday, of this city, to Miss Mary W. Chapin, of the former place.
At Philadelphia, on the 28th, Mr. Philip V. Hoffman, of this city, to Miss Lydia Osborn, of Boston.
At North Hempstead, L.I., on the 26th, Mr. Samuel Van Nostrand, of Brooklyn, to Miss Mary Tredwell, of the former place.
At Flatbush, L.I., on the 28th, Mr. John D. Conklin, of Brooklyn, to Miss Rebecca Ellsworth, of Flatlands.

DIED.

In this city, on the 28th, Mr. Daniel Strobel, aged 36.
On the 27th, Mrs. Jane Nicoll Dennison, aged 26.
On the 26th, Mr. John Richardson, aged 99.
On the 27th, Mr. Nathaniel Fowler, aged 30.
On the 26th, Mrs. Sichel Earle, aged 68.
On the 25th, Mr. Reuben Knapp, aged 66.
On the 30th, Mrs. Skerett.
On the 29th, Edmund Inlay, aged 17.
On the 29th, Mrs. Warwick, aged 54.
On the 29th, Mr. Alexander Tuloch, aged 34.
On the 28th, Mrs. Caroline Bell.
On the 29th, Mrs. Mary Clarke, aged 36.
On the 30th, Mr. Jason R. Bartlett, aged 37.
On the 31st, Mr. John H. Mabbett, aged 45.
On the 31st, Miss Jerusha B. Sloat, aged 24.
On the 31st, Mrs. Hermenia Antoinette Whitney, ag. 24.
On the 1st, Mr. Wm. C. Herbert, aged 37.
On the 1st, Mr. Stuart Mollan, aged 27.
On the 1st, Mrs. Frances A. Hoffman.
On the 2d, Mrs. Elizabeth Snell, aged 66.
On the 2d, Mr. Wm. Sykes.
On the 2d, Mrs. Eleanor Hurlick, aged 31.
On the 2d, Miss Eliza Ann Davis.
At Hackensack, N.J., on the 23d, Mr. Morris Earl, ag. 76.
At Brooklyn, L.I., on the 30th, Mr. Holmes Snow ag. 72.
At Newark, on the 31st, Mrs. Sally Vanderpool, ag. 56.
At Charleston, on the 19th, Mr. Wm. Calder, of this city.
At sea, on board the ship Neptune, by a fall from aloft, Mr. Daniel Van Coot, late of Jersey City, aged 24.

LEECHEs.—The Subscriber is enabled to supply, constantly, his Customers with Foreign Leeches of the best quality and largest size, by the piece, dozen, or hundred—or to apply them at any time—on reasonable terms. For sale by **DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,** April 6. 377 Broadway.

GENUINE HARLEM OIL.—Just received, a fresh supply of the real and genuine Harlem Oil, which differs materially, in its unsurpassed medicinal virtues, from that imported in this country. For sale, wholesale and retail, by **DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,** April 6. 377 Broadway.

TRANSPARENT VARNISH.—White, Copal, and Mastix Varnish—possessing the clearness of water and the consistency of a syrup, which may be used by Cabinet-makers and Sign & Ornamental Painters; for Screens, Pictures, and Paintings; in all cases with the utmost satisfaction—is offered for sale, wholesale and retail, by **DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,** April 6. 377 Broadway.

NEW AND SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS.
J. DISTURNELL, No. 155 Broadway, between
Coyland and Liberty streets, has received a new supply of Engravings, Lithographs, &c. coloured and uncoloured, among which are:
The Beloved and Forsaken, painted by Delafé.
The Nest and Tourist, do
The Gleaner, painted by Verret, and engraved by Jazet.
Mazepa, do do do
The Right Hon. Lady Dover, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.
Portraits of Lady Bage, Emory, and the Viscountess Burghersh, do
The Bachel, painted by C. R. Leslie.
The Brethren, painted by E. L. Paris, and engraved by J. Bromley.
The Five Senses, painted by Delafé, and engraved by S. W. Reynolds.
Together with a large collection of other fine Engravings, Lithographs, &c. suitable for framing, the portfolio, Scrap book, or transferring.
N. B. Strangers and citizens desirous of purchasing Engravings, are invited to call and examine the collection. April 6, 1833.

HURLEY'S—(106 Broadway.)
OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery, Regular Class No. 5, for 1833—3 25 34 33 42 36 28 8 64 27.

P.S. Tickets sold at my office at a larger discount than at any other office in this city.

I have again sold in the above, Prizes of \$1000, \$500, \$400, \$300, \$200, and several of \$100, &c.—and in Lotteries lately drawn I have sold the following splendid Prizes: 1 of \$20,000, 2 of \$10,000, 5 of \$5000, 2 of \$3200, 5 of \$2500, 2 of \$2270, 6 of \$2000, 5 of \$1500, 4 of \$1250, and upwards of 120 of \$1000 each, &c.

Wednesday next, April 10, will be drawn in this city, Extra Class 9, Scheme—\$20,000, 5,000, 2 of 1,000, 2 of 500, 2 of 1,270, 2 of 1,250, 20 of 1,000, 20 of 500, 50 of 100, &c. Tickets \$5, shares in proportion.

A liberal discount made to all who purchase by the package. Orders enclosing the cash or prize tickets meet the same attention as if personally applied for.

Uncurrent money discounted at the lowest rates. Doubloons, Sovereigns, and American Gold bought and sold.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
At RIDGEFIELD, (Conn.)—By SAM'L S. ST. JOHN, A. B.

TERMS.—For Board and Tuition for Boys under 12 years of age, \$20 per quarter; over 12, \$25. No extra charges, except for Books and Stationery.

The number of Scholars will be strictly limited to 25 and the exclusive attention of the Principal devoted to their improvement. The course of study will be adapted to the wishes of the parents or guardians of each pupil, preparatory to an admission into the Counting House or College. When left to the Principal the studies will embrace a thorough English and Commercial Education.

References—The Faculty of Columbia College, Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D.D., Rev. William A. Clark, D.D., Dr. William Hubbard.

Applications for admission can be made (by mail) to the Principal at Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. (Conn.)

Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Messrs. S. C. & S. Lynes, 256 Pearl street. c3m ins. Jan. 5, 1833.

AN APPRENTICE WANTED.
An opportunity now occurs in the city of New York for parents or guardians to place out a respectable lad, 16 or 17 years of age, of industrious habits, as an Apprentice to the business of House and Sign Painter. References required.
Apply at the Atlas office, 205 Broadway. Ap 4 aci

EDINBURGH TOOTH-ACHE PASTE.—This celebrated article is constantly receiving fresh proof of its excellence, by numerous respectable certificates. If faithfully applied according to the directions, and a cure not effected, (as sometimes from various causes it may so happen) the money will be refunded on returning the box.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by **NATHAN B. GRAHAM,** 34 Cedar, cor. Wm. st.

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.
A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's superior POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLE BOOKS, &c. &c. of the neatest possible manufacture, for sale by **BUSSING & CO.,** 704 William street, (next door to Cohen's, 71.) d22

THE attention of the public is invited to a very superior article of **AROMATIC SEIDLITZ POWDERS**, which upon trial will prove beyond all comparison unequalled by any now in use. The agreeable aromatic quality added to this composition, will in all seasons not only give a pleasant sensation to the most delicate stomachs, but entirely prevent that feeling of chilliness so often complained of, when taking preparations of this nature in cold water. In testimony of the superior qualities and effects of the Aromatic Seidlitz Powders, I beg leave to advert to names of some of the most respectable Physicians, as seen on the wrappers of each box.

Sold wholesale and retail, at the subscribers' and at the Drug Stores of J. B. Dudd, M. Slocum, and P. Dickey, Broadway. J. P. CARROLL, No. 25 John street.

* Plain Seidlitz Powders prepared as above.
* Merchants, Captains, and Retailers, supplied on the shortest notice, and a liberal allowance made.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his **PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR**, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. June 6-c6m.

PERSONS requiring Materials for SCRAP BOOKS may be furnished, at a cheap rate, with assorted Newspapers, Pamphlets, Magazines, &c. by applying at the Office of the "Atlas," 205 Broadway.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS, AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS, WHO DESIRE A NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE.

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c. From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of **170 KINDS.**

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR **BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers,** 71 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

PEACH ORCHARD, AND LEHIGH COALS.

THE Subscribers have now in yard a full supply of the above Coals, all of which have been selected the past season with great care, and are recommended to the public as first rate, being inferior to none in this city, and will always be sold at the lowest market price by applying at the Coal Office No 157 Broadway, or at the yard corner of Morris and Washington Streets.

HENRY STOKES & Co.
N.B. Also for sale as above, first quality Limerick and Peach Orchard Nat. Coal. Feb 6—

WORM SUGAR PLUMS.—An efficacious and convenient medicine for children, causing worms to be discharged in great numbers, and even when there is no appearance of worms. They are quite beneficial in relieving the secretion of mucus from the stomach and bowels, which generates them, and is as injurious to children as worms alive. Sold wholesale or retail by **NATHAN B. GRAHAM,** 34 Cedar, corner of William st.

PREMIUM, A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute, "The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth," was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New-York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chamber-street, New-York."

PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar animated appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied, from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages, the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronunciation. They are Incorruptible! and with their color, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty, to the latest period of human existence. In point of economy, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. **JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H.N.Y.** &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with beautiful gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis; he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither brother or cousin, nor any other relative, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York, than where it now is, and has been for years past. **No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.**